

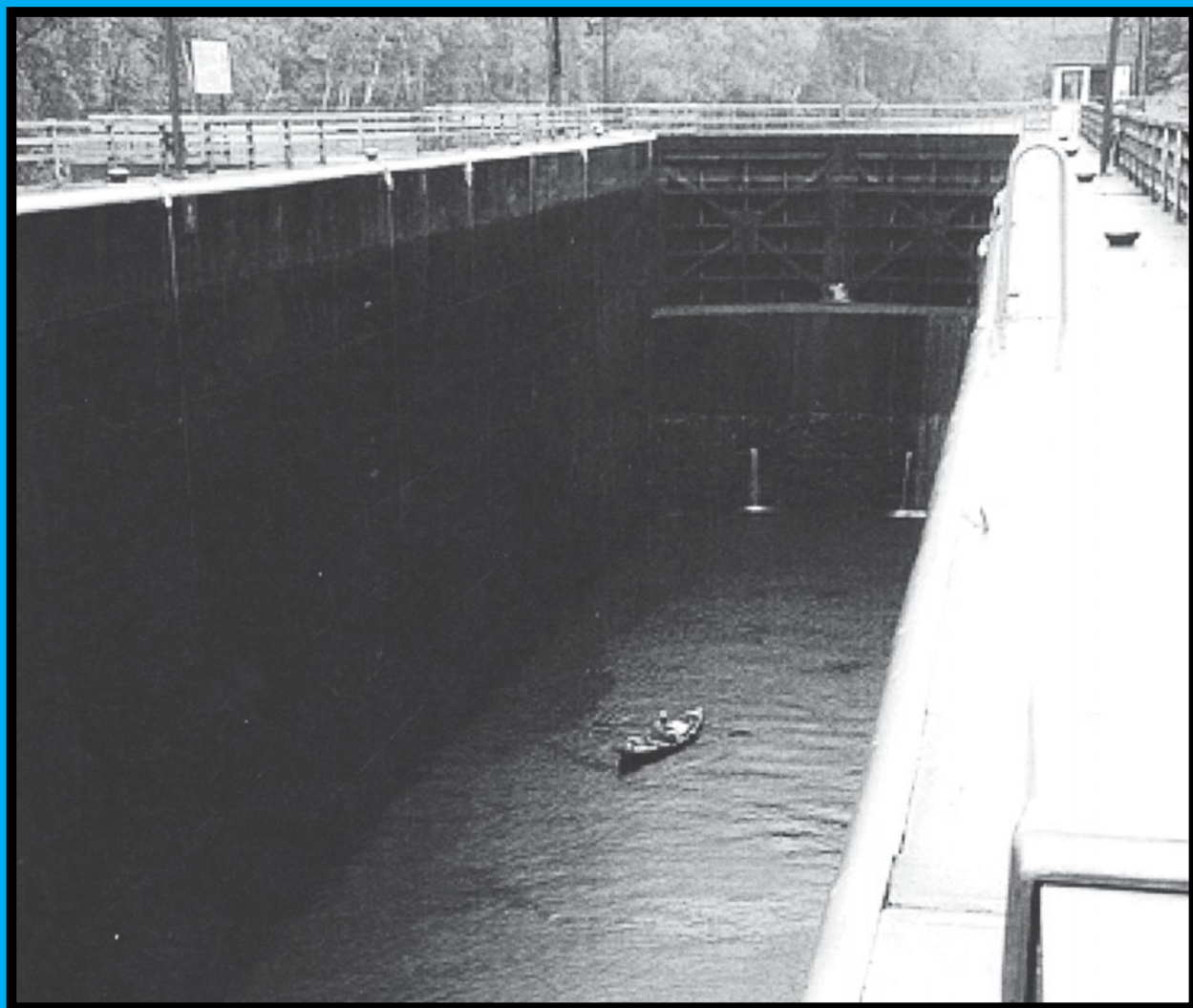


# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 1

May 2011

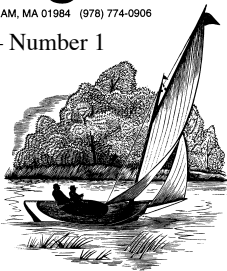
**Special Features This Issue**  
Can Al Canal – Riverine Dream  
Worming the Cat – The Silver River  
Our Failed Attempt – Trilobyte 16



# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 29 – Number 1  
April 2011



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue begins our 29<sup>th</sup> year of continuous uninterrupted publication, the 642<sup>nd</sup> issue to come out of this tiny (8'x14') second floor office that once was my childhood bedroom (1937-1952). I had been planning to discuss some of the ramifications of this long-running scenario we have lived in when I had a phone call telling me that Dynamite Payson, Mr Instant Boat, had died suddenly the last week in March from unexpected heart failure. This diverted my line of thought, needless to say. Dynamite and I were of about the same age (old) and had known each other since the early years of this magazine. It's always a shock to hear of the unexpected demise of someone I have come to know well, the impact is more so when the relationship has been a long running one and the suddenly deceased person someone who was a kindred spirit.

Dynamite and I were not at all alike physically, nor had we had shared backgrounds in messing about in boats. He was a lifetime boat guy who stayed right on the Maine coast where he grew up, I am a late on the scene boat guy (since my late 40s) who stayed right where I grew up three miles inshore on the Massachusetts North Shore. Dynamite's boating life from his youth was fishing, lobstering, building, and then designing small boats for today's wanna be builders, simple to build boats that he characterized as "Instant Boats." My boating life, starting late in early middle age, was a bit of rowing, sailing, and paddling which soon segued into full-time publishing of this magazine about boats. Our paths would likely never have crossed had it not been for my launching my own form of small boating, *MAIB*.

What we found we did share was an approach to life that involved following our dreams of independence and freedom to do just what we wanted to with our lives. We understood each other instinctively as soon as we met. The last time we visited Dynamite several years ago at his shop and home in South Thomaston, Maine, we sat on cast off kitchen chairs in his cluttered shop with the afternoon sun shining in the dusty windows casting a golden glow over his purpose of the moment, designing and building models of the many types of boats he had come to know

over all the years. It was always great to sit down with Dynamite and talk small boats and that afternoon was no exception.

Now Dynamite is suddenly gone, joining several others no longer with us who we came to identify with in our common vision of how our lives should be lived:

Bart Hawthaway, the canoe/kayak designer/builder and Olympic coach who encouraged me to get more serious about developing my kayaking skills (indifferent results, not his fault, I was just too lazy to work at them).

Robb White, whose writings charmed so many of you over ten years on these pages. Robb and I never met as he no longer traveled far enough north from Georgia and I no longer traveled far enough south from Massachusetts. But we corresponded (yes, letters) extensively and, of course, his almost every issue contributions made plain to me the sort of guy he was and how we would surely hit it off in person.

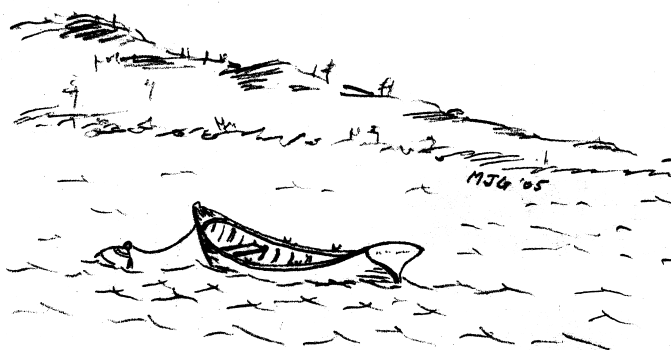
Phil Bolger, living only a dozen miles from me, who back in 1987 contacted me to ask if I might add a page to the magazine for his design "cartoons" which had just been dropped by the ill-fated *Small Boat Journal* when it went over to plastic power boating. I could hardly believe this and made room for him right away and his work has graced our pages now for a quarter century.

Back now to this 29<sup>th</sup> year of publication. Staying with it so long and keeping it essentially the same has brought me into contact with ever so many interesting and enjoyable people from amongst whom solid enduring friendships have developed. But it also now spans so much of my life that these contemporaries are now "passing over the bar" as the nautical saying puts it. Anyone who lives to an advanced age will tell you of the sorrow of seeing others close to one reach the ends of their lives. Carrying on with the magazine keeps me from falling by the wayside, it provides a purpose and the potential for meeting new people who might become close friends as had those now departed.

So this 29<sup>th</sup> year will be just another year on the way to our 30<sup>th</sup> year in 2012, and 31<sup>st</sup> and so on thereafter. I hope many of you will continue along on this journey with us.

## On the Cover...

The big question for Al Friehofer when he announced that this year he would row his Adirondack Guideboat the length of the Erie Canal was, "Can Al Canal?" Judging from his seven-page report featured in this issue, he could.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman  
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Now it's just past noon and the wind commences to blow. Moon-Wind and the other moored boats slew about. There are only a couple of dozen boats on moorings, about half of them transients. I double my mooring line and better secure my gear. The forecast calls for gusts to 30 knots, outside. In here, we have but a foot of chop: nothing to trouble about. The wind has veered from north to northeast. Off Cape Cod, the seas are piling high.

I celebrate my arrival with a bath. I heat hot water in my kettle, climb into my tiny sink, and proceed to wash my hair. I slosh water everywhere, some of it on myself. Now that I'm clean, I can venture ashore without offending most people. At least, not by my odor.

However, I choose to spend this Sunday aboard, catching up on the simple things I neglected yesterday: eating and sleeping. I read and doze and laze about and sniff the rising wind and admire the sky. The ferry makes its appointed visit and bounces against the fueling pier for half the afternoon. At four o'clock, she churns through the chop to New Bedford. At five o'clock I'm in my cockpit having a cup of Earl Grey tea and biscuit. "Thank you, Radcliff. That will be all, for now."

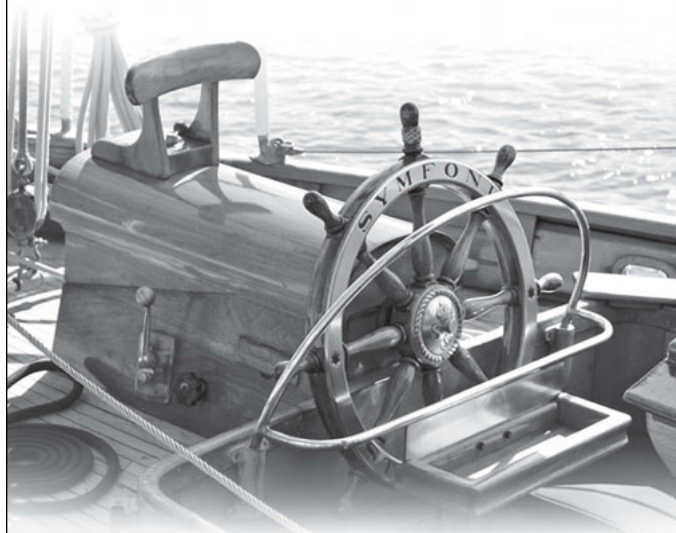
I insert my monocle and observe a 40' sloop messing about the harbor. There's no other word to describe it: messing about. She's under power. A woman stands in the eyes, her boathook ready. The man at the wheel seems to be doing little more than practicing maneuvers, perhaps getting used to a newly acquired vessel. He approaches moorings, backs down, backs all the way to the channel, slowly turns, motors to another part of the harbor, and approaches another mooring. The woman makes no pretense of picking up mooring pendants. The skipper is in perfect control. There isn't sufficient breeze in the harbor to make his maneuvers arduous. He never exceeds one knot. Over and back for half an hour, around and around, wending among moored boats, just messing about. Finally, his demonstration of seamanship ceases, his silent pantomime ends, he makes his exit, the lights come up, we all applaud. We lay our programs on our seats and congregate in the lobby to sip Champagne.

By sunset, the wind has died. The bright blue sky is not reflective of any incipient storm. Beneath a few dull cumulus clouds some streaks of purple spread. Our burnished star drops slowly into the sea. During the night it is calm. Monday morning breaks bright and clear. By 7:30am the wind whines, the darkening water ruffles. The voice on my VHF broadcasts small craft advisories with monotonous nonchalance. "From now through Tuesday night there will be an abundance of sea serpents all about the islands. Mariners risk being eaten if they venture forth from their harbors."

Having encountered sea serpents more than once in my life, I know how wily they are. I mean to enjoy my vacation and not have to perch on a surging vessel, rail down, swinging my trusty tiller about to fend off ravenous monsters. A couple of days at Cuttyhunk should prove a peaceful escape. If I climb about the island, I should enjoy the broad expanse of the sea without the exhilaration, it's true, of being covered with spray, but being able, instead, to wax reflective. And possibly eat some lunch without Poseidon flinging me round the cockpit.

I draw my dinghy alongside, toss my water jugs into her, and clam-ber aboard, bringing my lunch and binoculars. With any luck, from the far side of the island, I'll catch a glimpse of a sea serpent roiling among the breakers. The rising wind carries me quickly to the piers.

*Please join us!*



## THE 20TH ANNUAL WoodenBoat Show

The 20<sup>th</sup> Annual WoodenBoat Show promises to be the biggest show yet! Once again we will return to Mystic Seaport with a stunning array of beautiful boats of every size for you to board and admire. Our tents will be filled with the tools, accessories, books and plans you need to make your wooden boat dream come true. The Family BoatBuilding tent will be filled with more eager and enthusiastic families creating their first wooden boat experience. Small boat races, "I Built it Myself", Concours d'Elegance and expert skills demonstrations plus all the wonderful exhibits at Mystic Seaport make this the must-see event of the summer! Don't miss it!

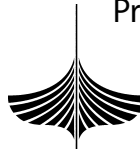
Keep up with all the news at  
**[www.thewoodenboatshow.com](http://www.thewoodenboatshow.com)**

For tickets to the WoodenBoat Show and the  
Lance Lee Tribute Dinner (Saturday evening) call

**800-273-7447**

**JUNE 24-26, 2011**  
**Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT**

Produced and presented by  
**WoodenBoat Magazine**



# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Lake Pepin Messabout

The Lake Pepin Messabout will be June 3-5 in Lake City, Minnesota. It is open to all amateur built watercraft, meeting at Hok-Si-La campground on Lake Pepin. Admission is free. Event information at <http://lakepepinmessabout.com>.

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

### Working Waterfront at Clearwater's Festival 2011

Clearwater's Great Hudson River Revival will take place at Croton Point Park, Westchester County, New York, June 18 and 19. This year the festival continues spectacular celebrations of solar powered stages, diverse performance arts, crafts, environmental exhibits, food, and Working Waterfront. The focus is the Hudson River. Working Waterfront is an ongoing feature of the Revival. We are planning many activities to get people on the water in small boats. Clearwater, founded on the water, wants to make festival attendees aware of our roots.

Working Waterfront expects to present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational, or commercial service. The boats and the grand sloop *Clearwater* will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails. A fleet of small boats will be available in which to messabout, a major waterfront feature that gives owners, builders, and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join in boats on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

If you desire to participate on the water with your boat, or with an on-shore boat-oriented demonstration, contact us:

Stan Dickstein, (845) 462-3113, [dicksten@verizon.net](mailto:dicksten@verizon.net)

Eric Russell, (917) 446-5414.

Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, (845) 265-8080, [volcoord@clearwater.org](mailto:volcoord@clearwater.org)

## Projects...

### Dreamcatcher to Appear in *WoodenBoat*

Dreamcatcher, my half-scale version of the famed Chesapeake skipjack Messenger, will be in an upcoming issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine. To my surprise they will pay Naomi \$25 for rights to use a photo she took of Dreamcatcher sailing. I suggested to her that this payment should be split evenly between the two builders who did the work, or even three ways. Doesn't look like it will happen.

I also sent in a detailed description of Dreamcatcher's beginning in your shop, along with the building stuff, and the several misadventures in attempted launchings. But publishing only a limited amount of text per picture is possible.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

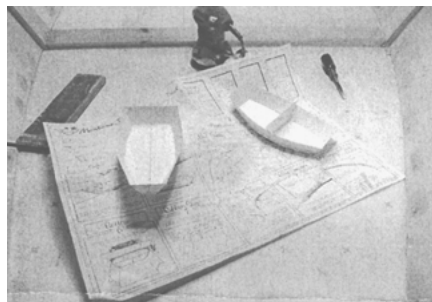
**Editor Comments:** Greg salvaged my abandoned project started in the '80s about a half-dozen years ago and saw it through to completion.

### Looks Like it Should Work

I've been a continuous subscriber for over 25 years and after thinking about building boats for much of that time, retirement has finally allowed me to start doing it. Last year I built a 13' QT motor skiff, one of Jim Michalek's designs, which my wife and I used for fishing. QT is plenty big enough for two people and performed nicely with a 1 1/2 hp Honda four-cycle, a great little lightweight.

I move around so this winter I've been slapping another one together, something I hopefully will be able to load on the pickup alone. This one is a Montana Pram, one of Paul Butler's designs. In his preface to building the boat, Butler encourages modifying his plans until they work for the builder. So... modify I did. The Montana pram is a 9' symmetrical boat, designed for rowing, and since I want something I can use with the outboard or an electric trolling motor, I made some modifications. Using cardboard scale models to widen the aft end and narrowing the fore end, I came up with something that looks like it should work. Since the cost of this boat will be less than \$120 I can always use it for firewood if things don't turn out.

Rich Jakowski, Putnam, CT



### Working with Epoxy in the Cold

Dave Lucas, of Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club, reported about problems working with epoxy in cold temperatures in the February issue. I had similar problems working with epoxy in Ohio in the winter and eventually found a solution: Store the epoxy in an old ice chest or cooler. Drill a 1 1/4" hole in the top and insert a light bulb socket, then screw in a seven watt nightlight bulb on the inside. There's probably a joke in there somewhere about how many boat builders it takes to change a light bulb. This will keep the epoxy nice and warm. I also keep a thermometer in the cooler so I can predict gel time. It doesn't matter if the boat or the fiberglass are cold, epoxy at 75°F will soak in easily.

Just be careful not to let it get too warm or there won't be any working time, and obviously leave the whole contraption outside, or maybe in the middle of the garage without anything nearby, since it combines heat, electricity, and flammable toxic chemicals.

I have an editorial request, which is that you print the boat name, design, and maybe LOA as part of the headline, where it makes sense to do so. It would be helpful on articles that span multiple issues or articles where specifics about the boat aren't mentioned in the text. Most articles have this information but some leave us guessing and searching the internet.

Bill Quigley, Princeton, NJ

## This Magazine...

### Important Notice to Subscribers Who Move Seasonally

I'd like to bring to the attention of those of you who have more than one address in our subscriber file that I would like to streamline the system here so that you are getting ALL of your copies on time. Your help with keeping my files up to date will facilitate this.

Since our mailing list goes to the mailing house around the middle of each month preceding the cover date on the magazine, it is important to send us your address changes as early in each month as possible to avoid your next issue going to the no longer valid address and being thrown away by that post office. Unlike First Class letters, our Third Class Bulk Mail IS NOT FORWARDED!

Notification of seasonal address changes should be sent to us according to the time WHEN YOU USUALLY RECEIVE your magazines. If they usually arrive BEFORE the first of the month, I suggest making the change to take effect with the following month's issue. However, if they usually arrive AFTER the first of the month you would be better off to make the change effective with the next succeeding issue. Only you, the subscriber, can assess this change. I would appreciate you letting me know which ISSUE you would like to have the address change made with.

If email is convenient for you, it works the best for me as the change is made as I open the email and I will reply with a verification at that time. However, snail mail is OK and phone calls work, too, as long as Bob or I are here to answer the phone. There is no answering machine.

If you wish to receive an issue missed because we did not receive your address change notification in time, please include an extra \$2 with a note stating that is what it is for. We have to mail single copies from here First Class with \$1.73 postage (they cannot be included in the following issue bulk mailing). We also have to pay the post office \$.50 for each notification of an issue not delivered.

Thank you for your cooperation on the above and I hope that ALL your magazines will arrive in a timely fashion.

Jane Hicks, Circulation, MAIB

### Book Title Correction

As the author of a book reviewed in the February issue I would like to correct the title as published. The book is *The Boat That Wouldn't Sink*, not *The Boat Who Wouldn't Sink*. Thank you for calling this to your readers' attention.

Clinton Trowbridge



### March Issue One of the Best Ever

The Dan Rogers article "Tools Explained" in the March issue is absolutely among the funniest essays I have ever read. Move over Thurber and Benchley, Rogers has pen in hand. Maybe he has seen me at my finest in the workroom measuring by eye alone, or pencil marking with the comment, "good enough for government work." I have tons of expensive marine grade plywood and teak scraps lying around to toast a plethora of wieners (Spencer the Perfect Pug hates the word "hotdog") and marshmallows. I shall not comment about the screwdriver stuck in the overhead nor the numerous burned out electric devices cluttering the bench. The 2" thick dust camouflages the burn marks, accidental holes and saw cuts.

Mississippi Bob brought joy to my heart when I saw the photos of his new workroom. His beloved and priceless barn was the envy of the Twin Cities. I virtually cried when he called to tell me it had burned down. Now he is back to building canoes, kayaks, and sailboats as God intended. I know.

But my soul rejoiced, loud hallelujahs sounded, and my eyes watered when articles on the West Wight Potter appeared. As the proudly inept skipper of Genny Sea #1183 I can foul anchors with the best of the Potter Yachters. Potters can endure just about anything a silly sailor can present. I have run hard aground, lost masts, ripped sails, broken rudder cheeks, and busted tillers but the Potter remains ever ready to sail again. Latitudes and Attitudes publisher, Bob Bitchin, calls me the world's worst sailor still alive to tell the tale. Mississippi Bob can affirm that conclusion. Nevertheless, the Genny Sea awaits the next messabout.

The March edition of *MAIB* is one of the best ever. I have read it twice and shall retain this copy forever, it will get lost amid my stuff in the workroom! Bring me more Rogers humor, Mississippi Bob information, and Potter articles! This was wonderful.

Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

### In Memoriam...

#### From Dynamite Payson's Family

Thanks to all for your heartfelt condolences. It has been a very difficult process for the family, losing Dad so unexpectedly. There were several urgent decisions that the family has had to deal with. Dad's mail order business and boat business was one of them. It was a very rewarding business for our father and he always did his best to accommodate customer's orders and questions.

Several years ago, he told me that he would like me to take over his business and for the last two years I have been helping him with the email end of it. I am a high school and college instructor as well as a lobsterman and I thoroughly enjoy what I am doing and wouldn't want to give up any of those occupations. One thing I learned from my dad was to do what you are passionate about and the other things in life will be easy.

My family met Sunday, March 28, and we discussed Dad's business. I told them of the best case and the worst case scenarios for the business. The worst being that the business would be done. I told them the best case would be to have long time and very close family friend Dennis Hansen (Mom and Dad

referred to him as being like their son) continue the business. Dennis has known the family since at least 1974 and built his first Instant Boat, a Surf, that year. Dad taught him just about everything he knows about boat building, he has read all of Dad's books and has built a number of his boats, first as a hobby and then professionally since 1998. He is very knowledgeable in all aspects of the business. The family agreed without hesitation that he was the right choice.

I called him to the family meeting and he has agreed to carry on with the business. I will still be available to assist. He will be a tremendous asset to the business and will continue it with the passion that my father had, and Dad would be proud of this decision. On behalf of the Payson family, many thanks and happy building.

Neal P. Payson, S. Thomaston, ME

**Editor Comments:** Dynamite Payson died suddenly at home from a heart attack the last week of March just as we were going to printer. Our June issue will feature tributes celebrating the life of the "Instant Boats" man.



## Don't let minor fiberglass repairs limit your time on the water.

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Ready to use and easily stored with your gear, Six10 comes in a 190 ml cartridge, available for around \$20 from your local WEST SYSTEM Dealer. To learn more about Six10 or find a dealer near you, visit [www.westsystem.com](http://www.westsystem.com).

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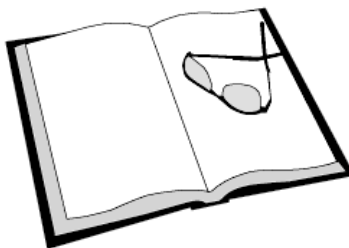
[www.westsystem.com](http://www.westsystem.com)

### The Publisher's Claims

This new book will answer every modelers' most asked questions about boat building and will be a valuable addition to any modelers' library. The fundamentals of recreating boats in miniature and methods for hull and superstructure construction are provided. Learn the skills necessary to successfully create an accurate model boat from scratch, including structural elements, paper models, hull features, and mechanical drawings.

This book takes the reader through all the steps necessary to create one model boat based on the *Annie Buck*, an actual Chesapeake Bay "Deadrise" workboat. Based on what readers can learn from this book, they will be able to apply the design techniques and theories to successfully create models of other boats that appeal to them. In fact, the detailed text also explains how to read marine drawings for reference and describes the tools and techniques needed to successfully execute bulkhead and lift building theory. For inspiration, a gallery of finished models includes contemporary and classic boats.

John Into and Nancy Price have been together for over 30 years. John has been mak-



## Book Reviews

### Fundamentals of Model Boat Building

By John Into and Nancy Price  
Schiffer Publishing, Ltd  
4880 Lower Valley Rd  
Atglen, PA 19310

ing models for over 45 years and started making them professionally in 1993. Nancy joined him professionally in 1999. They live on Maryland's Eastern shore on the Chesapeake Bay. Every piece of every model they make is created by themselves and no one else. They believe that being responsible for every facet of the process, whether a model is simple or highly complex, results in consistent high quality.

They can measure a boat, work from photos, and have extensive experience in research so that there is no boat that they cannot recreate, as long as they can get sufficient information about it or access to it themselves. Their models are found throughout the world. Among their customers are private individuals, naval architects, and major companies. Their work takes them to shows throughout the United States including: Lake Tahoe, California; Mt Dora, Florida; and Clayton, New York. John and Nancy's book sells for \$34.99 and can be purchased through the publisher at [www.schifferbooks.com](http://www.schifferbooks.com) or your local bookseller or online retailers.

#### Our Reviewer's Opinion

Reviewed by Mike deLesseps

Fundamental yes, but complex as well. If you have ever really looked at a power boat hull and wondered how all those complex shapes are made to build a pleasing hull design, then this is the place to start. Model maker or not, this text and picture arrangement shows how to read a table of offsets, understand line drawings, and even produce your own.

This clear and comprehensive text displays in reasonable terms what is required to research what is needed to form a correct and sound model. Thanks to the digital age the many clear CAD/CAM displays and photographs illustrate all the steps to get you there. The reader will find through text and photos how to build a simple waterline model or a complete hull using the lift method, step by step. It becomes clear that the information contained (while aimed at someone interested in making marine miniatures) would be of interest to anyone curious about how a well shaped and correct hull is arrived at.

Model making, dealing in miniature, has a particular set of skills that need to be devel-

oped to both accomplish a model and even for others to find a mindset where one might truly appreciate just viewing them. Model making, as the text tells us, is a set of problems which are really opportunities if viewed in the right way. Some thoughts on solving such ponderings are offered up as a way to access the subconscious, the bigger part of your mind for answers. I can tell you what they suggest works. It does.

You will find *Fundamentals of Model Boat Building* a very worthwhile text from realizing the right mind set, to tools needed... then comprehensively how to go about the task of creating good model boats. A gallery of built models offers insights into the author's skill, which are considerable.

### Pacific Gold

By Al Holzman  
Published 2010 by [www.straitaero.com](http://www.straitaero.com)

Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

After three decades of ocean sailing, Al Holzman has decided to chronicle his journeys with a decided twist. Holzman has written a book of fiction. This adventure begins with a couple, Jack and Beth, leaving the coast of Oregon where Jack's ancestral family home has just fallen off a bluff and crashed into the sea. Jack and Beth purchased an old sloop, the *Hispaniola*, fixed her up headed for the South Sea Islands, the Tuamotus in particular.

Sailing down the coast toward San Francisco, their first port, they safely make it under the Golden Gate Bridge, and then danger looms when it develops that an unsavory character from their home town has followed them. Word has gotten out about the real reason for this saga, buried gold! Apparently a long lost uncle of Jack's found gold during his assignment on those islands during World War II. Jack has heard the tale and unfortunately told the story to a friend or two. No one knows whether this uncle is alive or dead but Jack and Beth are consumed with following up this tale to see if it is fact or fiction.

Escaping the confines of San Francisco Bay, they set out for the islands. A good portion of the middle section of the book has to do with daily life on board. I have done some ocean sailing, especially around Tahiti, and close up living aboard with others can be conflicted, boring, and at times quite exciting. All of these aspects are well covered. The details are both humorous and despairing.

Sailing into port at one of the Tuamotus islands, Jack and Beth meet up with the unsavory and then are captured by an ugly pirate who wants their secrets. They manage to escape, sailing out at night but the truth is they don't know where the treasure is. Through an unexpected coincidence they are introduced to Jack's uncle, still alive and living on one of the islands. He vaguely remembers where some of the gold is, at least which island. You will have to read the book to savor the ending.

So for those of you who might like to write about your adventures, this is another option. Turn to fiction and publish your book yourself. Let your imagination take over. Want to buy the book or ask the author some questions? Go to the publisher's website. Al Holzman is still on the water, in Juneau, Alaska, living on a motor yacht and making a living as a captain doing deliveries.

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On Saturday, March 12, our all-women rowing crew were participating in the 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Snow Row held in Hull, sponsored by the Hull Lifesaving Museum. With over 100 boats from all over New England, this is the biggest event of the year for open water rowers. The conditions were great, the weather was perfect, sunny skies, temps in the high 40s, winds out of the southwest. We knew that our biggest challenge would be at the start as we would be rowing into the wind.

This race has become extremely competitive, our women's team has won the past seven years (I believe) so the pressure is on us to place well and to keep the trophy with our team. Hull does not recognize women's teams so all the women rowers got together and made up our own trophy. Whoever wins the race each year has their team name engraved on the trophy along with their time.

At the race, once that starting cannon goes off, we must run down the beach to our boat, get our bow person in, push off the beach, get in and do a 180° turn, and start to row. It sounds a lot easier than it is with hundreds of rowers all scrambling to get into their boats and do all this at the same time. Boats collide, equipment goes overboard, all sorts of things can go wrong. This race takes the adrenalin rush to a whole new level. For me, as a rower and now a coach/cox, this race is the ultimate high. We have a great group of girls ages 22-52, no one weighing over 150 pounds.

At the cox's meeting a half hour before the race, when the race coordinator goes over the rules, and concerns for the day's event, we learned that the main concern for today's race was the wind. The wind makes for a tough row, especially for those boats which are very small. Our boat was a 32' pilot gig weighing nearly 800 pounds. We row it with a crew of six rowers and one cox.

Last year our race was crazy, we had a terrible start, getting away in last place, but ended up winning. This year our start was pretty good; we had a few bumps but got off the beach fairly well. The first leg upwind out to Sheep's Island was extremely tough. We had passed a lot of boats and I was feeling good about where we were. Once we made the turn around Sheep's Island we had waves splashing over the windward side of the boat. We had caught up with earlier starting classes and were getting into all the congestion among these overtaken boats.

Coming up on our last turn, a large channel marker, we had to make a starboard side turn around the can. Of course, everyone wants to make the turn tight. I was sitting on the fence of taking the chance that by going in tight we might lock up with other

## Lifesaving Rescue at Hull

By Jan Reddy  
ptlmdr@yahoo.com  
Hull, Massachusetts

boats or cutting the turn wider, losing time, but not losing the good momentum our girls had built up.

The fatigue was really starting to set in. As we approached the turn I could see a boat off to my left and I remember thinking why are they off course so far? I'm thinking of a million things and for a split second I thought I saw an arm wave out of the water. I didn't believe what I was seeing. It was rough so there were a lot of waves. Next moment, in between waves, I saw a lot of heads sticking out of the water. I then realized a boat had swamped. This is a rower's worst nightmare!!! I remember yelling to the girls we have "BODIES" in the water, I had to turn the gig and again we had to row into the wind.

The wind was blowing us away from the people in the water but our girls were great, they did exactly what I asked of them to do. We were close enough that I had Hilary, our second bow person, get up and toss our life ring. The ironic thing about this life ring is that I actually had taken it out of the boat before the start as I was afraid the girls would trip over it during the start. At the cox's meeting, after I heard about the concern for the strong winds, I put it back into the boat.

As we approached the crew in the water they looked horrified, they had to have been in the water for some time. I remember one of them saying, "Everyone just kept passing us." I think the other boats couldn't see them among the waves. We had a hard time staying with their swamped boat as the wind was pushing us away, so I had to have the girls keep rowing so we could get a hold of their boat again. This time I had one of the girls hold the boat. Our two bow girls, Lauren Chartier and Hilary Moll Flores, got two of the female rowers into our boat. We then grabbed two more. I just couldn't get over how bad they looked.

The last was a guy we couldn't reach. He was so close yet so far, I could see the fear in his face so I shouted to him, "You have to swim to us". He only had about 5' to swim. Reluctant at first, he saw how grave the situation was so he let go and swam to us, once he grabbed our boat we could see he just gave up, he had nothing left in him. We couldn't get him into our boat. I wasn't going

to let go of that guy for nothing. The girl who rows stroke for us reached out as the rest of us leaned to one side of the boat to get it low in the water and then the whole crew quickly moved to the other side. We were able to get him aboard in that way.

I remember feeling sick as I wasn't sure we had all of their team. I remember asking them over and over again, "How many in your boat?" They kept saying five, only five. We have a crew of six so I thought we were still missing one of theirs. It was then their cox clarified that the entire crew was five so we had them all. THANK GOD... At this time two other boats had come over, we had way too many people in our boat, no extra clothing for them to put on, so we put one or two of them into the other boat. We saw a lobster boat and flagged him over. He hooked up with us, got the rowers off and into the wheelhouse where they had heat.

Talk about emotions, there were a ton, there were tears, shock, disbelief, and the thought that we, a bunch of girls, actually rescued... SAVED... five people's lives. We got ourselves settled down and I said we came to race so let's finish strong, and we did. We didn't win, of course, but for each and every one of us I can say we did win... saving all of those people meant more than anything I have ever done in my life. I couldn't be more proud of the girls in our boat. They did exactly what I told them to do, they never thought twice, some rowed as people were being pulled on, some held onto their boat so they wouldn't drift away.

Once we finished the race we ran over to the lobster boat that was coming in with the crew. I just needed to physically see them. Hull's fire department and ambulance were there as well as the Coast Guard. I guess at the time I didn't realize how close they were to dying until one of them still couldn't even remember her date of birth. Once things had settled down it really started to set in as to what we did. I am very proud of all of us. We have practiced man overboard drills before but never in our wildest dream did any of us think we would be pulling five people out of the water.

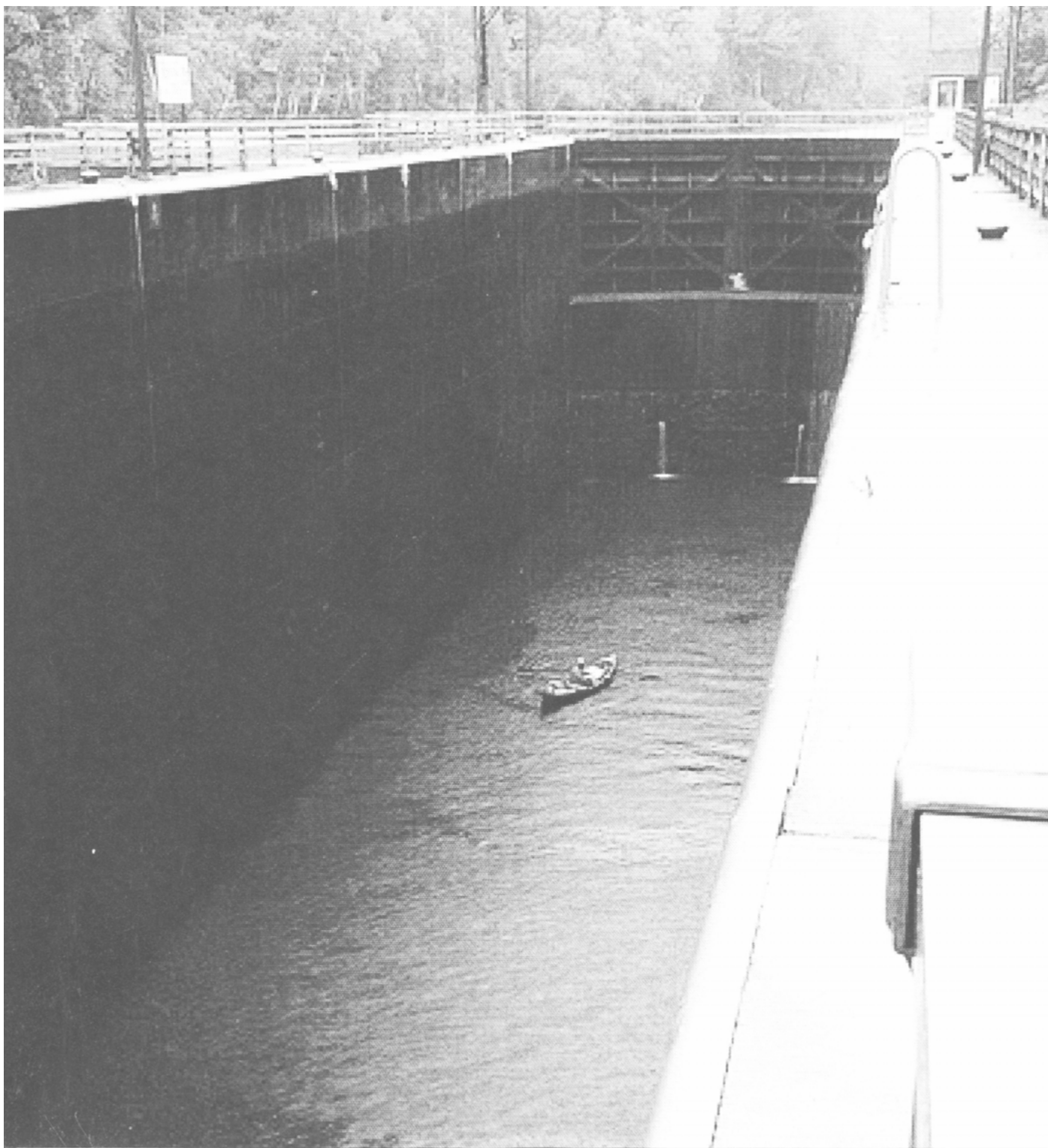
When the awards were given out Hull presented our team with an actual Hull Lifesaving Award, which was quite an honor. Later, after that ceremony, we went to a bar for a few drinks with rowers from other teams. One of our girls went to present the trophy to the women's team from Maine, as they had the best time. They declined the trophy... they said that we were ahead of them at the time of the rescue effort and for what we did we deserved to keep the trophy which was extremely generous of them.

We feel we are one of the best women's teams in New England. We have been invited to England to participate in some of their rowing events the year but have had to decline due to the high cost of the travel involved. Maybe this will inspire others to come and learn to row or sign up to be one of our sponsors.



The Crew of the Mike Jenness Sr.: Bow Person Seat #1: Lauren Chartier, Bow Person Seat #2: Hilary Moll Flores, Seat #3: Anita Hurley, Seat #4: Lyndsay Snow, 2<sup>nd</sup> stroke seat #5: Ashley Reddy, Stroke Rowers Seat #6: Karin Kaczorowski, Cox/Coach: Jan Reddy





## Can Al Canal? 15 Days on the Erie Canal... “A Continuous Community

By Al Freihofer

In which a middle-aged schoolteacher from Baltimore undertakes his second major long distance row to raise funds for his school, aided and abetted by Peg, his Chief Safety Officer, and Kathy, Blogmistress Extraordinaire and Chief Logistician, with additional support from extended family and friends. This row over the length of the Erie Canal does not pose the challenges faced in the earlier 2006 “Big Row” from Troy, New York, to Baltimore, Maryland, down the Hudson River and the Intracoastal Waterway, so not much in the way of training was undertaken. It was, in fact, a more social adventure through the extended Erie Canal community.



On June 22, 2008, I made a note about the aerodynamic incompatibility of a 15' Adirondack Guideboat and the Volvo station wagon. My magnificent mom offered to let me drive her (in said Volvo) to Buffalo, New York, from her home in Lake George, New York, so I could launch from there, and it soon became clear that no combination of line tension or boat placement would yield a stable combination. We'd be trundling west on the NYS Thruway, chatting about my brother or sister, when suddenly the boat would be riding sidesaddle along Mom's side of the car like a bad imitation of a rodeo cowboy. I'd pull over to center the boat and tighten the lines and the process would repeat 15 minutes later.

To paraphrase Frost, "Something there is that doesn't like a Volvo..." My boat sure didn't... and it made for a tender trip.

Mom, as is her indefatigable style, watched me push away in Buffalo at about 5pm and then drove herself all the way back, to Lake George, by my count, about a 720-mile day for her. When I'm into my 80s, I don't want my kids comparing me to their grandmother.

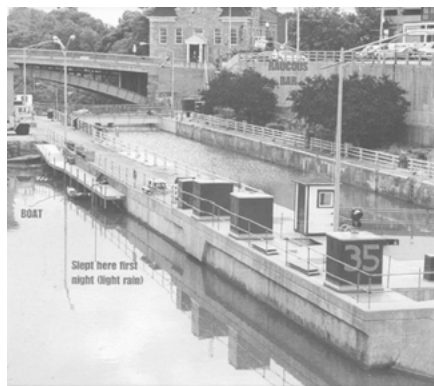


Every boy needs a Mom like mine!

I put in 19 miles to Lockport that evening, arriving after dark. The Lockport locks were closed, so I tied up to a low dock as it started to drizzle, set up a tarp on the dock next to the boat, and hunkered down for the best night I could make of it. Which leads me to Harold and a brief tale of unconditional kindness.

At about 10pm I spotted a fellow walking his dog on the opposite bank. He saw me huddled under my tarp and greeted me cheerfully, introduced himself as Harold, his pup as Ripa, and asked me what was up. I explained my journey, we exchanged pleasantries, and bid each other good night across the canal. I soon tried to sleep, acutely aware of what sounded like a hard-drinking crowd gathered on my side of the canal just above the lock. Believe me when I tell you that sleeping with

one ear on a wet dock and another tuned to the pending antics of a well-lubricated crowd is not a recipe for good night's sleep.



First night spent at Lock 35.

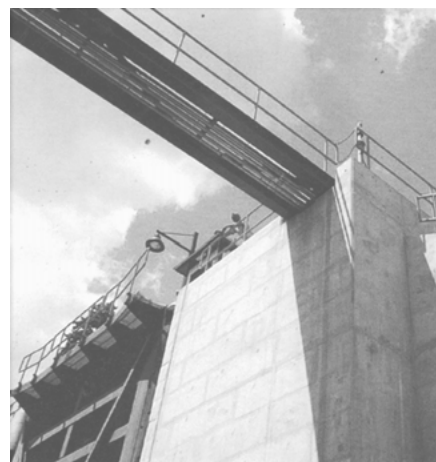
Around midnight I became aware of footsteps on the boards. I peered out from under my tarp to the head of the dock and saw Harold, sans Ripa, carrying two enormous bags. I climbed out of my hut, greeted him again, and he explained that he'd been rummaging around his apartment to see what a rower might be able to use on an extended trip. He handed me the bags, I thanked him, and he headed off into the drizzle.

I'd taken great pains to pack lightly for this trip, knowing that each pound would have to make it to Troy under my own untested power. I know I sound ungrateful, but these bags were heavy, and I waited until morning to sort through them: canned goods, envelopes, stamps, paper, a map, a compass, candles, a lighter, a frying pan, batteries, candy, baggies, soap, gloves. I ask you, what kind of fellow crosses a canal at midnight in the rain to deliver items that might be of use to a total stranger? Harold, thank you. In the coming weeks I would see extraordinary wildlife and scenic vistas, but nothing can match a kind heart. The added weight meant little whenever I thought of the care he took to make my trip a little more comfortable.

The next three days (June 24, 25, and 26) were spent slogging through Rochester (big and animated by the confluence of the



When the lock is filled, the water level laps right up to within a few feet of the top of the wall. Locking down is truly tranquil, we just go down. Considering their age, most of the locks are in incredible shape.



These guys kept a close eye on me all the way through... bless their hearts. We don't want these doors to bump us in the stern.

Genesee River), Pittsford (classy), Fairport (classy, but not very welcoming; they, too, suggested I "look for better options" further along the canal), Macedon (the lockmaster at 30 mercifully let me pitch a tent after a long,

Lift bridges greatly outnumber locks; they are the way the smaller towns straddle the canal without calling for enormously greater investment in an elevated bridge. If necessary the entire structure lifts to accommodate barges and large boats. Happily I don't have to trouble the bridge tenders for this service, as by ducking down I can slid under with no interruption. Not seeing one of these coming while facing backwards in the boat would result in a cranial crisis of the first order of magnitude.





Cayuga Lake.

long day and the rejection in Fairport), Newark (nice shower in the Welcome Center), Clyde, and finally, through the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge (grassy, great birds) and the short Cayuga-Seneca Canal (up) to Cayuga Lake. That's a blessedly short overview of three days and 77 miles but it gets me to Cayuga Lake so that I can riff a bit about the Morehouse Boat Company and family, a far more stimulating topic than my own labors at the oars.

On Thursday, June 26, shortly after I came through Lock 1 on Cayuga Lake (and got up close and personal with the zebra mussels congealed on the lock walls, a nasty miasma of shell and goo and skanky slime), I headed towards Cayuga Lake State Park on the northwest shore of Cayuga Lake, where I hoped to spend the night.



Lock 1 on Cayuga Lake.

A typical view (as if any particular view on this waterway is "typical") coming out of a lock.



Zebra Mussels.

Rowing up to what looked like "the Park building" (it wasn't), the first person I met was George Zeth. George coached me through a strategy to pitch a tent close to the water at the Park without being hassled (proved successful), regaled me with the local history of the Park, and then, more interesting to me, of his forebears' boat building business. George gave me a private tour of the charming waterfront museum which commemorates the Morehouse Boat Company and Cayuga's general boat building and Park heritage, including a look at the very jigs and frames Morehouse used for decades to build a wide array of power and sailing craft in that building. He even allowed me to lend a hand at the Morehouse Boat Reunion at that very site over the coming weekend and then let me off lightly on

the heavy lifting tasks. George is a great guy, very knowledgeable, and a fine host. All of this is just to say that when a random encounter on a rowing trip includes meeting guys like George at your first "hello," you have to count yourself lucky.



Morehouse Logo.

The Morehouse story is the classic story of a small, enterprising business focused on quality and service, founded and built by very hard-working people who did whatever had to be done to keep it going through all seasons, economic cycles, and trends, and which morphed over time as circumstances dictated. Finally, for the myriad reasons that afflict so many small family businesses, it ceased to be. Visit the site should you ever be nearby it's fascinating, familiar, and now, for me, personal.

Happily, over the weekend of June 27 I had a hard time believing that the Morehouse Boat Company had "ceased to be." For three days Morehouse family members, customers, friends, boat nuts, historians, local politicians, and neighbors told story after story of colorful times, displayed their Morehouse boats (and their justifiable pride in them), and proved that as long as we remember them, the events, people, and objects of our nostalgia continue to live. To George, Betty, Jenny, Mike, Rob, and the many others who hosted me so graciously over three full days and brought me into their pasts and presents, thank you. Your hospitality was a highlight of my trip, and I couldn't be more grateful to all of you for adopting me for a weekend.



Vintage Morehouse boat.

On Monday, June 30, we pushed off from this three-day layover, with the softening of the hands and derriere, getting back in the rhythm for the 200-mile pull to Troy. Today's destination: Baldwinsville, Lock 24, about 37 miles away.

What started as a hot, calm day ended in a downpour, a nighttime arrival, and an interview over dinner with Richard Palmer of *The Canal Times*. Richard covers the entire waterfront of the Canal, all 360+ miles, and that he tracked me down in Baldwinsville on this given evening is a testament to his coverage. Richard is a great fellow, and I think whatever he worked up ran in his August issue.



Resuming my row from Cayuga State Park, all the way to Baldwinsville, 36.3 miles away.

However, before we dismiss this day, let me tell you about one Joe Deverell. I met Joe at the Morehouse boat show, and he invited me to stop by his house on Cross Lake, which is bisected by the Canal (the lake, not the house). I did stop in to view Joe's passion, authentic Venetian gondolas, which makes my rowing of an Adirondack guide boat seem wimpy by comparison.

His elegant craft, a small ship, really is 36' long and weighs three-quarters of a ton. By comparison, my guide boat is 15' long

and weighs about 50 pounds. Frankly, the only thing these vessels have in common is the necessity of human propulsion, one human to a boat, thank you.

Joe is an imposing fellow and looks well able to get his 1500lb vessel moving smartly, and he does. He's been all over the Erie Canal and has even given the Hudson a shot. HOW one propels a 36', 1500lb craft over great distances with only one oar, no less, is incomprehensible to me, but he does. Simply awesome. If you're at all nautical and are anywhere near red buoy #420 on the Erie, be on the lookout for Joe; he's a great guy, just the kind of adventurer and free spirit who makes a trip like this so enjoyable. I hope I will have the opportunity to return his hospitality when he ventures out again in an original Venetian gondola.

The next day dawns sunny and warm, perfect for an attempt to get across Oneida Lake, the single largest body of open water on the canal. For years, I'd heard stories of Oneida Lake, warnings that were reiterated by any and all who knew I'd be attempting a crossing. You see, Oneida Lake is out in the open; there are no hills or mountains to blanket one from wind, and its shallow depth accentuates the wave action anytime a breeze kicks up. A Canadian trawler I'd met in Spencerport warned me that Oneida Lake presented the worst wave action he'd seen since leaving Florida two months earlier. These thoughts were on my mind 19 miles later, when I finally nosed into Oneida's wide waters.

A west-east crossing of Oneida presents an immediate challenge to the oarsman. There is no horizon, just water, as if one were looking into the Atlantic. I knew that I'd better follow the widely spaced markers to minimize the distance across just in case the weather turned, and I lamented that I was

intermittently rowing and using the oars to maintain stability. Broaching in the middle of Oneida Lake might have made for a more exciting tale, but I am not sure how such a tale might have ended.

This particular day ended at Sylvan Beach at dusk, 44 miles closer to home and with an after hours burger served by a most sympathetic waitress. It was "Cycle Night" at the Beach, but I had no trouble pitching the tent in the park and almost immediately finding the Land of Nod. My neighbors that evening were nursing a 48' sailboat, that had been hit and fried by lightning, back to Erie, Pennsylvania. My thoughts turned to Joe, standing tall in that gondola. Joe, stay low, or home, when the bolts start to fly!

Hey, I'm on a roll and only four days from home. Wednesday, July 2, was pretty uneventful. But the night was illuminating. "Illuminating?" Read on. As I arranged the boat for the day, I came across my sliding seat tucked up in the nose. I'd not been using it out of concerns for my posterior, which had not been conditioned for the rigors of ten-hour days in the boat. I oiled it up (the seat, the oar) and fixed it to the rails that morning, thinking that I'd use it to make better time until the ache started to come and then abandon it for the fixed wicker seat I'd been using exclusively up to that point.

By switching to the slider, my stroke rate went from 25 per minute to 16. The GPS showed a flat water, no current pace of 4.8mph, fully .8-.9mph better than "The Wicker Way." I'd waited 226 miles to make this decision. Needless to say, I was "conditioned" to stay on the slider for the rest of the trip, lamenting that my early caution had cost me a lot of time and unnecessary calories. My legs were happy to finally have something to do other than cause me sunburned agony, and I was happy for their happiness.

My new Mach number of 4.8, with an occasional "power ten" of up to 5.5, enabled me to circle for a landing 34 miles later at Lock 19 in Frankfort. This town holds a spe-



Joe leads me to his place on Cross Lake.

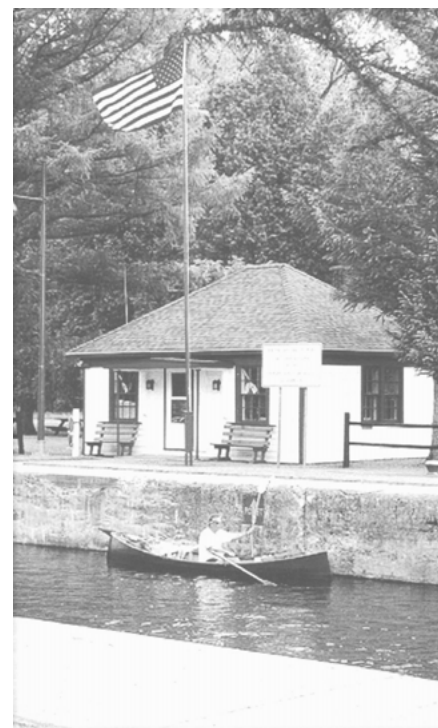
Joe shows me his rowing technique.



starting across the 22-mile expanse so late in the day. It was 4pm and, while it would be light even as late as 8pm, I knew I'd have to book it in the event the winds turned on the nose. All of the worst stories I'd heard about Oneida Lake's petulant weather were stifled by my get-home-itis, the bane of nautical and aeronautical adventurers throughout the ages. I lathered up, took a long drag of Gatorade, and leaned into the oars.

The wind did come up smartly, but in the form of a blessed 15kt tailwind, right from the stern. I was even able to augment my progress for the first time with the small "pusher sail" I had mounted for just such an opportunity. The GPS was reading as high as 7 knots as I surfed most of the way across,

Holding on at Lock 20.







This tugboat went through Lock CS1 ahead of me. The captain came out and gave me a sheet describing the boat since he saw that I was taking such an interest. It was built in 1933 and has three full time and two seasonal crew members.

cial place in my heart as its bucolic grass airstrip was the destination of my first solo cross country flight when I was learning to fly in 1973. It took me a very long time to find the field, as I recall, because to this junior birdman it looked just like the agricultural fields that surround it. Only a Cessna sitting in what looked like a cornfield alerted me to its location and, after a low drag over the field to be sure, I bounced in for the necessary logbook signature of proof to my anxious instructor that I'd been there and a basket of tomatoes for more tangible evidence. Ahh, Frankfort. Little did I know that my last Frankfortian Chapter had not yet been written.

I pulled the boat up on a low dock, emptied it of tent and supplies, enjoyed another placid evening setting up and hit the hay at 9pm, looking forward to a good night's sleep. I don't know what time it was. It doesn't really matter. When your tent has collapsed on you under the onslaught of a tornado-like vortex, your first inclination is not to check your watch. When your tent then literally lifts into the air, threatening to subject you to yet another take-off (and hard landing) in a town you'd thought you'd put in your aeronautical past, you tend not to ask, "What the hell time is it?" No, instead you ask, "What the hell is going on?"

The tent was alternately lifting and bucking, the rain flap acting as a perfect lifting airfoil in the hardest winds I'd felt in a very long while. Add lightning, thunder, and the resonating "splat" of fat raindrops, and you have the scene for "The Decision." You see, even while I was trying to keep my tent and its contents, including me, on the ground (no, I had not staked it down, but given the placid evening upon retirement, you wouldn't have either), I was thinking about my boat, pulled up on the dock 50 yards away. I'd not tied it down, and I knew that the winds could easily whisk it off the dock and create much trouble. I also knew that the moment I stepped out of the tent, it, too, would certainly be gone, to somewhere. Who knew?

"The Lady or the Tiger," the Boat or the Tent? Batman would have checked up

on Robin. Roy would have checked up on Trigger. I, of course, had to check the boat. I stepped out of the tent and sprinted to the dock, the lightning and my own desperation illuminating the path. The boat was still there, rocking on the planks, and I lashed it to a tree. As I crested the bank back to the tent, the lighting illuminated the surreal image of my tent (and its contents) ballooning across an adjacent field like a crazed tumbleweed.

In what should possibly be considered as a future crowd pleasing Olympic event, I sprinted at least 50 yards to overtake it, tackled it at the knees, and literally rolled myself up in the fabric, trying to spoil its aerodynamic perfection. I subdued the beast, but the wind continued to howl. What to do now? To try to raise and stake the tent in such conditions would be even more entertaining (translate: comical) than the capture, and I had no appetite for playing "catch and release" again.

Entering St Johnsville Marina.



I've heard it said that "the decision not to make a decision is a decision." Rolled up in the fabric of my tent like an otter in sea kelp, I decided that the day's work was done. The boat would be there in the morning and so would this mess. I slept, as wet and as oblivious to my surroundings as an otter.

Next morning, after gathering the trail of debris left by the storm, I packed the boat and made a largely rainy 30-mile day of it through four locks, one of which, Little Falls, presents, at 41', the single greatest vertical transition on the Canal. Believe me, sitting at the bottom of that lock in a rowboat is sobering as you contemplate both the ancient concrete and the 1919-vintage machinery protecting you from the deluge upstream. I felt like a rubber ducky tub toy when the lock keeper opened the lower doors. As an aside, the acoustics of the Little Falls lock are truly superb; my blues harp was never far from my seat, and as I bent a few notes before I headed out, I imagined Muddy Waters in the back seat, providing that back beat and soulful vocals. Muddy Waters on the Erie. Oh, yes.

The St Johnsville Marina offered a clean campsite and showers that night (July 2). Of the three boats transiting the canal tied up there that evening, lo and behold, two of the three families had my school, Boys' Latin, connections.

July 3 dawned sunny and calm. Four locks and 34 miles later, I pulled up just west of Amsterdam, a town still reeling from departed or marginalized industries. We had heard that there would be quite a fireworks display that evening, but it never happened. We were visited by two kids on bikes. Sal and Robert, who started the interrogation with zest. Who were we? Where had we come from? Where were we going? Was I really steeping in that tent over there? What did I do for food?

As conversations with pre-teens often do, the questioning eventually turned to "How old do you think I am?" as Sal and Robert challenged me to guess their ages. Six years teaching in an eighth grade classroom have taught me that in the interests of domestic tranquility, it is always wise to guess low. I came comfortably close with Sal and Robert (10 and 11) and then made the mistake of turning the tables.



"Sal," I asked, "how old do you think I am?" Sal sized me up, discreetly conferred with Robert, and then confidently pronounced, "Seventy-two." Cripes, had I not just told them that I had rowed the boat before them over 300 miles in the last ten days?



Lockkeeper chatting with me (out of sight down in the lock) on July 3.



Arriving at Amsterdam on the Fourth of July.



Sunset at Amsterdam.

Saturday, July 5, was the next-to-last day of my row. I enjoyed a leisurely afternoon on this stretch of river. I had lived and worked in the Albany area for most of my life and yet had never seen this part of town from the water. The Mohawk serpentine back and forth under some impressive cliffs, and it is clear that the folks of the capital district know how to use the river: rowing clubs, environmental facilities, and beautiful homes line the banks.

A few miles further downstream, the Schenectady Yacht Club hosted me on my last night on the river. They asked only for "some good press." They let me pitch my tent right by the dock, granted me access to a perfectly clean shower room and a delightful pool, and all of this enabled me to spruce up for the arrival in Waterford tomorrow, my final day. Their hospitality on my last night prompted me to reflect on how such small acts of kindness can mean so much to a traveler and how, over the last two weeks, the kindness of strangers made this row so much more than a traverse of New York State.

There was Harold on my first night way back in Lockport, my middle-of-the-night visitor who braved the rain to bring me items he scoured from his home that he thought would be useful. His care was the best item of



Making merry with Peg at Lock 11.



Packed and ready to go on July 5.

all. Days later, the Morehouse family adopted me in Cayuga. They and their friends shared their time and history, and they let me pitch in and make me feel a part of their gathering. Joe of Cross Lake introduced me to the impossible idea of using a Venetian gondola for my kind of traveling and opened his home (and refrigerator!) for a much needed respite. Fellow mariners, friendly lock keepers, and the scores who waved and shouted encouragement from the banks all contributed to a special camaraderie on this trip. I came to see the canal as a continuous community, the shared waters connecting folks in a way more poignant than town boundaries or zip codes.

So, Schenectady Yacht Club, I am in your debt for your act of kindness to a stranger. Tomorrow I will head for the dramatic final "flight" of locks leading to Waterford and the Hudson. That I will arrive shaved, showered, and quite well rested is due to you, and on behalf of those who will meet me and perhaps might be moved to give me a hug, I thank you.

Three hundred twenty five miles down, 15 to go. When I think of the extraordinary national financial soap opera unfolding at this moment, one that had been simmering for months but was now roiling to a full boil, I'm sort of glad I've waited. Sure, this story is supposed to be about an old fellow's row along the Erie Canal, but oh, what metaphors our national drama has invited!

How about, "Clearly, our nation's financial institutions lacked the control locks to manage the flow of events." Not bad. Or maybe, "Under the still waters of a placid canal lurks turbidity, even a turbulence, that presents danger to the unwary investor." That, of course, is a mixed metaphor, but this is a crazy, mixed up time, so why not? One more? Let's try, "Like the SEC, the Erie's lock keepers aim to maintain an orderly flow of traffic which operates by the rules and is, above all, kept safe. Unlike the lock keepers I met along the Erie, the SEC, and its agencies have actually facilitated a maritime disaster of biblical proportions." Wheee! This is fun!

I had spent my last evening on the bucolic shores of the Mohawk River, camping in the verdant grasses of the Schenectady Yacht Club. My final day, Sunday, July 6, dawned clear and calm. I was up early, looking forward to a leisurely row through communities I knew well, having lived in "the Capital District" for 50 years. I rowed past the Knolls Atomic Research Center in Niskayuna, relieved not to have been serenaded by three headed frogs or assaulted by the toothed winged squirrels or 15' Tiger Muskies of urban legend. I proceeded to the Vischer Ferry lock, a big one at 27', and spent perhaps a half hour taking in the distant hills of Vermont shrouded in low fog but clearly visible from the ramparts of the lock.

Finally it was on to "the flight," the final five locks that literally drop you into the Hudson Valley and, of course, the Hudson River. This series, compressed within one mile, are the world's most dramatic series of high lift locks. They raise (or, in my case, lower) a boat a total of 169'. As a frame of reference, the entire Panama Canal system achieves less than half of this total over its entire length. Yes, I had experienced larger individual locks, namely the Little Falls lock of over 40', but "the flight" is Industrial Age engineering at its finest and most elegant.

I had been warned that a transit through "the flight" could take two hours or more, yet my "keepers" fed me from lock to lock, from gate to gate, in a seamless, uninterrupted flow. I was through in less than an hour. I'd like to think that the lock keepers' final gift to me was their way of saying, "Thanks, intrepid adventurer, for visiting our Erie Canal!" but it may well have been an exhale, a sigh, signaling, "Thank God this hazard to navigation is finally gone." Either way, those guys were great. I'll never forget their enthusiasm and hospitality, and I hope that New York appreciates their stewardship of an incredible resource as well as their "Welcome Wagon" hospitality. Thanks, guys!

So here's the setup: I'm sitting in the enormous cavern that is the final lock in Waterford. Beyond the final massive doors is the Welcome Center in Waterford and a short distance beyond flows the mighty Hudson. I'm slowly descending along the lock's wall, a slimy guide rope slipping through my hands and I'm straightening up the boat, wondering whom I'd see on the other side. Family and friends had been in touch via cell phone; they knew I'd be arriving at around noon and it was, incredibly, 11:45am as the final lock began to drain. I'd heard rumors of a press presence: local TV, *The Troy Record*, *The Times Union*. Fifteen days of adventure, now, the homecoming!

Are we properly set up? Do you see what's coming? I should have.

The lock's water reaches the Hudson. The gears to the doors begin to thunder, their majestically powerful movement revealing a sliver of daylight beyond. The music swells;

the doors swing wider, I grip the oars, assume a proper posture in my now tidy boat, and begin to pull and pull hard. By the time I hit the exit from the lock I'm really booking. I want to have up a good head of steam so that when I turn to doff my hat to the assembled multitude, I'm still gliding gracefully in a way that only an Adirondack Guideboat can glide, that feather of water up at the cutwater, a gentle, undulating wake streaming behind. I clear the lock, the music peaks (in my mind, anyway), and I finally turn to face my adoring peeps and the press.

On most Sundays in Waterford they hold a Farmer's Market right by the Visitor's Center at the mouth of the Canal. There's a band, booths, and, truth be told, it's a rather nice affair. It happens every Sunday, I was later told. I streamed past at five-plus knots, hat high in the air, waving and gesticulating like Lance Armstrong at the end of his final Tour. Imagine my surprise to see an ocean of backs, a few curious glances,

and, blessedly, finally, from over there, a hearty wave from Matt, Kate, Peg's family, and maybe one or two others who'd been brought into the loop. No cameras, no reporters, flashbulbs, no adoring throngs.

I put on my hat, veered towards the dock, and it took me only an instant to laugh at my inflated anticipation and to count my blessings: son, daughter, close friends and family, and a lifetime of memories; what more could anyone possibly want? Well, truth be told, at that moment I had a hankering for an egg salad sandwich and a restorative chocolate milk, both of which magically appeared from a nearby cooler.

We raised \$8,000 for a great cause, I learned a lot about the Empire State and the wonderful people who live and work along its shores, and yes, there will have to be yet another expedition. As Warren Miller once said, "Do it now; if you don't, you'll just be another year older when you do." I'm one lucky fellow.



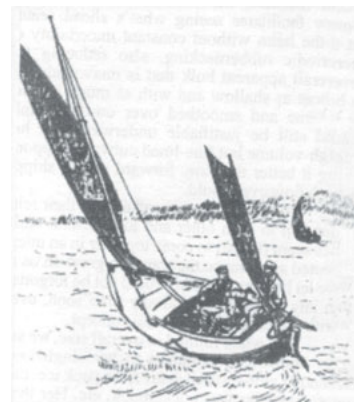
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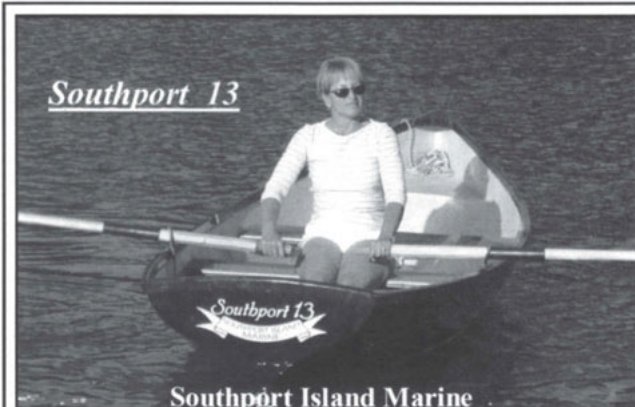
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*Star Catcher* anchored in Conway Bay.

With the nights drawing in and summer draining away like warm bath water down the plughole, September gave a flourish of fine weather to tempt a small boat out onto the sea in fulfillment of a springtime aspiration. Earlier in the year I had determined to sail from my home port of Meols on the Wirral coast down the coast of North Wales, if not actually as far as Anglesey, then at least around the Great Orme into Conway Bay. What's the achievement in that, you ask? No great feat, you may say, a mere day's passage along a shore of predominantly broad sandy beaches. Surely I'd be well placed to make this trip anytime. But no. In all the years I've sailed on this coast, finding the time with acceptable weather has proved elusive.

The problem is the prevailing westerly wind, right on the nose and the need for a single, nonstop passage of at least 32 nautical miles because there is little intermediate shelter for an overnight anchorage unless in very settled conditions, except in Rhyl Harbour or behind the breakwater at Rhos on Sea, and these are only accessible at HW.

Then there's the Great Orme. The Great Orme, the Great Worm, the Serpent, the Dragon, thrusts its snout north into the Irish Sea. Its towering sea cliffs and caves are festooned with names foreboding wreck and disaster: Cerrig Uffern, or Hell's Stones, upon which the barque *Jane Tudor* foundered on her maiden voyage on Shrove Tuesday in 1847, her crew barely escaping with their lives by felling the foremast and using it to climb ashore; and Hornby Crag, where on New Year's Day 1824 the brig *Hornby* struck and was battered to pieces with all hands lost except one, who, having been flung from the bowsprit onto a ledge, was able to climb to safety.

## Worming the Cat

By John Hughes

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*  
Bulletin #209

The Quarterly Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (DCA) of the UK  
(In which John Hughes and his son Rick take their catamaran south down the Welsh coast on a memorable weekend's cruise)

The 679' high limestone prominence protrudes two miles out into the sea directly in the path of vessels plying between Liverpool Bay and the shelter of the Menai Strait. It has not the menace of more notorious headlands, but it demands some respect; it does have a tidal race and, in a breeze sufficient to make the long passage in good time, a small boat would want to pass in relatively slack water. But how splendid it would be to sail close in under its very fangs!

The coincidence of time available with favourable tides and weather occurred in the first week of September. I put the idea to my son Rick, whom I knew, at age 13, even with the prospect of a dawn start, would be keen to come: he did not allow me to consider going without him.

We planned to leave on Friday 3rd. The forecast breeze was SE F3-4, perfect for our westward passage along the coast: on our quarter and offshore, so with little fetch. We would round the Orme, spend the night in Conway Bay, then return on Saturday. The forecast for Saturday was for a fresher breeze, F4-5, still SE, so we expected to be close-hauled most of the way back, but it would be bearable with relatively smooth seas. We aimed to be home before Sunday when stronger winds were forecast.

Friday, September 3: HW Hilbre: 0547h-7.2m; 1829h-7.2m. We were late going aboard and the water was already barely knee deep so I slipped the mooring and Rick paddled us into the ebb stream in the channel whilst I set the jib that would see us into deeper water until I could set the mainsail. The light breeze off the shore faintly carried the sounds and smells of the land, but with unusual clarity: a dog barking here, a car door closing there, a train coming down the line and a hint of horse manure. We already felt ourselves in a different world, detached from the land and on a voyage.

### A Smooth Start

The sun had risen through fog which obscured all but the immediate shore; our destination was veiled. We were careful to stay in the channel since the neap ebb was already into its second hour and we did not wish to be stranded, so from the moorings at Meols we hugged the shore close to the seawall right down to Leasowe Lighthouse before turning out to sea in order to clear the tail of the E. Hoyle Bank.

Progress outside the bank was smooth and we enjoyed a cup of hot chocolate and a honey sandwich for breakfast as the Hoylake shore slipped past to port and we headed to HE3, which we made in good time after 40 minutes. HE3 marks the Hilbre Swash and for us the beginning of our passage across the mouth of the Dee; we could now just make out the white finger of the disused lighthouse on the Point of Air, the most northerly tip of mainland Wales, so we set course accordingly.

### 18 Knots Across the Estuary

The Denbigh coast forms the great arc of a bay from the Point of Air to the Great Orme's Head and is normally clearly vis-

ible. The shortest course is naturally across the chord of the bay, but we craved the sense of security from being in sight of land and tended to an inshore course. After all, we were doing this for pleasure and were in no particular rush. But rush we got.

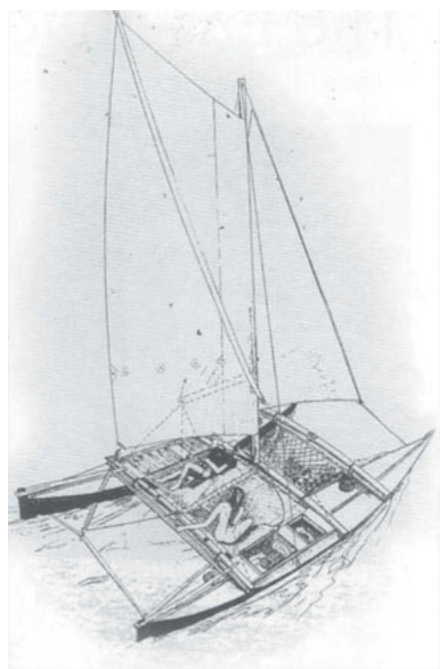
The following I hesitate to relate because I hardly credit its factual accuracy, but it is what we recorded. At 0830h we were on the Wirral side of the estuary north of Hilbre, with Hilbre and Middle Eye in line, and on a line between HE3 and Rhyl, which had just emerged from the mist. The SE breeze blowing unimpeded down the estuary and directly on our beam had freshened to F4 and we found ourselves flying along skimming through the waves and getting very wet as the dolphin striker diverted spouts of water up between the lacings of the trampoline, occasional wave crests smacked against the fore cross beam and the bows scooped up great dollops to throw over our heads.

It was not comfortable sailing but we held on because soon we would be across the estuary and in the shadow of the Clwydian Hills where conditions would be calmer. When the Dee Buoy on the edge of the Welsh Channel was abeam, we checked the time: 0840h, ten minutes to cover three nautical miles! That is 18 knots! As I said, I hardly credit it, but that is what we recorded.

Beyond the Point of Air the breeze indeed diminished, but the ebb streamed us smoothly down the coast and we dried off in the increasing warmth of the sun. For the next three hours we lounged languorously as we shaped a course two miles off Rhyl past the Kinnel Bay buoy towards the Little Orme, with the light SE breeze first on our quarter then from astern, and we ran for a while under spinnaker.

The Little Orme, naturally, is less prominent than its greater cousin, but no less spectacular, with sheer cliffs rising directly from the water. There was a large cleft with a narrow shingle beach that looked tempting to explore where a landing might be made, but it would not be a place to linger. The town of

James Wharram's image of sailing is, as always, not instantly reconcilable with the reality as we know it!—Ed



Llandudno sits astride the low land that is the neck of the isthmus of which the Great Orme forms the head. The low land is thought to be the former course of the River Conway and the Great Orme itself once to have been an island. From a distance from the sea, the regular terraces of Victorian guest houses and hotels resemble serried ranks of army barracks and look strangely stark, but the prospect of terra firma to stretch our limbs appealed so we nosed in to the beach for lunch.

### An Offer for the Boat!

The beach is a crescent of steepish shingle sloping down to the neap LW mark, where it becomes sand and provides good holding. We misjudged the depth at the foot of the shingle (we're not used to steep-to beaches on the Wirral coast) and found ourselves drifting off before we could conveniently wade ashore, but a man ran down and offered to take a line to haul us in. He was very interested in the boat, he'd seen nothing like it before, so I told him a little about the designer, James Wharram, then he offered to buy her from me and insisted on giving me his phone number in case I changed my mind!

The breeze was gentle and southeasterly off the beach when we set sail again at 1345h, but Rick said, "Are we going to reef?" He must have been prompted by instinct, because we did and later I was glad. Under the cliffs of the Great Orme we were running against the tidal race in its second hour of flood. Goose-winged, we were moving more slowly than the waves creeping up from astern, large humps in regular array that would occasionally announce themselves with a hiss as the odd crest broke nearby. The waves were not quite intimidating but steering demanded attention, and it was sometimes a little daunting to see great troughs gaping beneath the bows before the waves passed on harmlessly beneath us; had we been carrying full sail there would have been the risk of diving into the troughs, which would have been much less pleasant.

Rounding the headland into Conway Bay we left the race and had leisure to admire the cliffs and take photographs of the old lighthouse on its eyrie-like perch 325' above us. The sheltered surface of the bay was relatively calm. Then, just as we came within sight of Conway, the wind hit us: SLAM! And the sails, taken aback, were all ashudder. I turned the boat, hauled in and in a cream of foam we were skimming across the bay, then hauling closer we managed to claw a course to windward. We aimed to beach at the inland end of the Great Orme on the west shore at Llandudno and concentrated on tacking as cleanly and efficiently as possible, as a catamaran needs to spin quickly with angular momentum to go about in a blow, for any impairment of the manoeuvre leads to losing ground in a three-point turn.

We closed the shore near the site of ancient Gogarth Abbey and the breeze moderated and as we approached the bathers off the beach under the crenelated Victorian gatehouse of the Marine Drive, which runs round the Great Orme, it had diminished to a zephyr, so we think the blast was from williwaws coming around the headland off the land. It was mid-afternoon. We positioned the boat up the beach so as to be afloat about 2h before HW next morning. We lounged in the sun and swam. The beach was clean and the water clear.

Various bathers made compliments

about the boat and comments such as, "You're living the life!" suggesting that what we were doing appealed to others (so why don't more people do it, too?) Evening saw us with the flap of the tent open to the sunset over the bay, sipping our nightcaps.

Saturday September 4: HW Hilbre: 0720h-7.1m; 2000h-7.5m. Next morning we were quite keen to pass the Great Orme's Head at slack HW, so we set sail at 0700h, leaving the mainsail single-reefed because of the forecast for fresher SE winds. There was patchy high cloud but the risen sun broke through to shine on the Anglesey coast as we followed a string of small fishing boats on their way out from Conway past Gogarth Point. We had felt distinctly underpowered, but as we approached the LH high up on the cliffs, suddenly: WHAM! And the jib flogged madly as the sheet was whipped off its cleat, those williwaws again! We hauled in and off we went, tearing a wake eastward with the jib stiff as a board and the sheet bar-tight. We were now definitely carrying too much sail but we held on until Llandudno Bay assuming, rightly, that this was a local effect. Within sight of the pier the wind moderated a little, but with a long passage before us I felt we'd be more comfortable with the smaller jib, so we changed down; then the breeze died.

As the young ebb started gradually to pull us back towards the headland, I admit that I reflected that one should really have an engine for this sort of trip. I used the paddle and with Rick at the helm managed to make slow progress forward over the ground. Gradually the breeze returned: it grew to a steady SE F4 and we hauled close once again under full sail and laid a course towards Llan-cashire, although we could not yet see that coast. Our course took us offshore past the new Rhyl Flats wind farm. It was four hours tedious work laboriously plugging through the choppy sea, with only the sight of one yacht, making good use of the breeze for a swift westward passage, to relieve the monotony. It was exceedingly wet and we wore all our foul weather gear.

Rick bore it stoically, until he momentarily removed his hood and received a bucket load on his head causing him to express... exasperation. Now well offshore, we were both tiring of the messy chop, so we decided to close the coast in order to benefit from the lee of the land, even if this meant losing ground in the ebb stream on port tack. Thus we approached Rhyl, and our spirits rose as we entered the calmer waters in Kinnel Bay and contemplated a stop for lunch on the beach at Prestatyn.

### A Great Broadening Wake

Then began the most exhilarating stretch of our trip. As we closed the beach near the mouth of the Clwyd and bore off on starboard tack to reach parallel to the shore, the breeze off the land lifted us and we started to accelerate dramatically. With both of us seated well astern on the starboard hull, the grins on our faces reflected the growing plume of the bow wave from the port hull. The Hitia is not designed to fly on one hull, I'd be worried if it did, but you could not say it lacks exhilaration. We tore up the coast, easily overtaking a group of cyclists pedaling along the seawall, leaving a great broadening wake which made its own waves on the beach, until thoughts of sandwiches and a wedge of pork pie finally overcame us, so we chose our spot and headed up to the shore with the feeling that



we'd leave twin furrows up the sand to the edge of the dunes before we came to a halt.

We set sail after lunch with the tide about to turn with the new flood. The breeze had freshened slightly so we single-reefed the mainsail and changed to the smaller jib again, a conservative rig which would give us a much more comfortable passage across the mouth of the Dee estuary. At nearly 1600h we were off Hilbre (crossing the estuary from the Port of Air had taken 45 minutes) and ten minutes later we were beached in Hilbre Pool for a rest and to await the tide.

Rick walked around the island whilst I tended the boat as the flood filled the gutter. At 1700h we set sail again for the final leg home around the East Hoyle Bank, happy to progress relatively sedately still with reduced rig in the SE F4-5 breeze (although I was later told that we seemed to be making a cracking pace when we were spied from the bar of the sailing clubhouse!). I tend simply to feel my way into the final approach to the channel up to Dove Pt, but I've realised that

telling this to visitors when trying to explain the entrance is unsatisfactory.

On this occasion, therefore, I paid particular attention to transits and marks. They are as follows and are appropriate for about HW minus 2hrs, when the channel is starting to fill, or at neap HW, when there is insufficient depth to cut across the banks:

Approaching from the west from near HE3, make course for the prominent large tower block in New Brighton (towards the Mersey mouth); hold this course until in line between the Lancashire coast and Leasowe Lighthouse, or on the extended line from Moel Famau (the distant summit of the Clwydian Hills, prominent from offshore) and Leasowe LH, then head towards the LH (bearing 200° magnetic).

Holding this line brings you directly into the channel entrance. Within half a mile of the shore look for the black summer racing buoys: Spenser's Spit (SS) is too far west, so leave it well to starboard, but North Bank (NB) and, closer in, Jubilee (J) are on course.

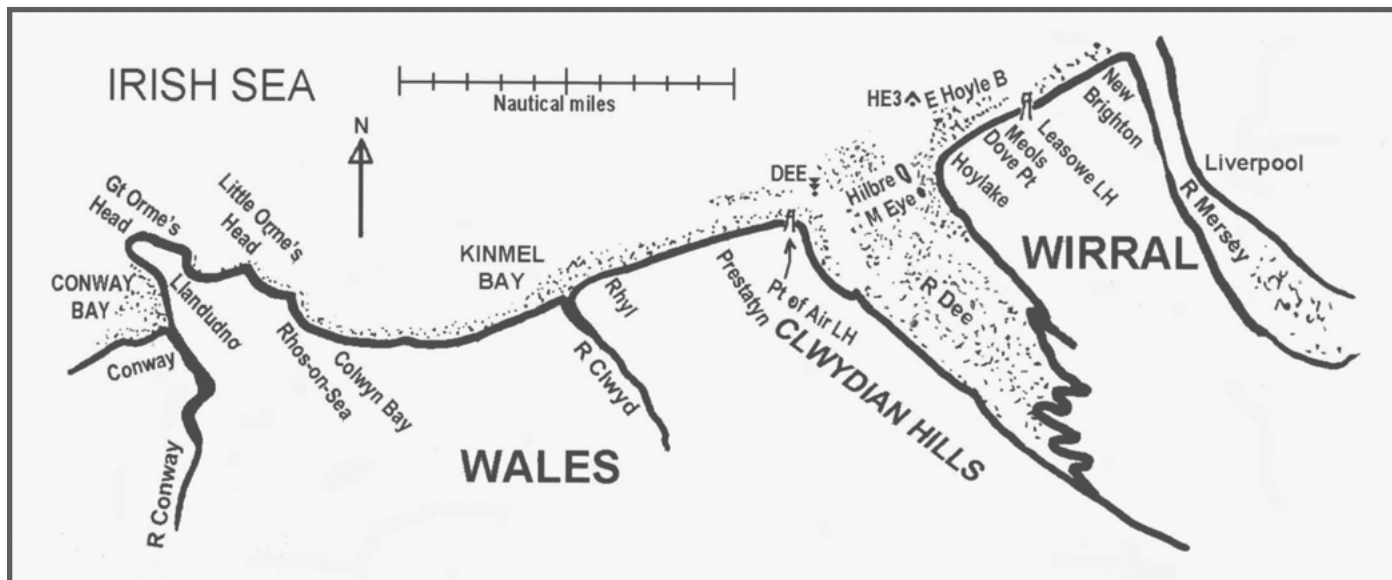
From Jubilee, head 220° to Turn (T), 100yds offshore and W of Leasowe LH. In line between Jubilee and Turn, leave to starboard the small black buoy with top-stick. Pass inshore of Turn then alter course westward up the channel and stay parallel and close to the seawall until the breakwater, when Dove Point slipway and moorings can be seen.

By the time we were sliding up the channel with the flood close to the seawall, the breeze had died, the water was like glass, the evening sky was ablaze in orange and flocks of waders crowded together agitatedly as the tide inundated the sand. As we gazed upon all this tranquility, Rick's remark was, "I hope Mummy's got something yummy to eat!" which were my thoughts exactly!

It had been a great mixed adventure: over two days we'd covered 64 nautical miles in 17 hours under sail. Such a trip brings great confidence in one's boat. It was the highlight of my sailing year.



Rick Hughes helming *Starcatcher* off the Great Orme on course for Conway Bay.





A few years ago I pulled the plug on sailing. I had grown cautious about our unbalanced economy and decided to lower my overhead, starting with the extravagant mistress that was my sailboat. Financial worries aside, I was also finding it harder to balance the rewards of sailing with the time and effort it took to maintain the boat. After some 25 years of flogging around in Boston Harbor, I sold the boat and hauled my mooring.

I had also discovered the joys of bike touring. When recession reduced me to day trips, I racked the bike on the minivan and set out to explore New England, yet was always drawn to riding near the waters of our rivers, coast, and estuaries. Gazing out from scenic overlooks, I wondered under what circumstances I might ever get back in a boat again.

This past spring my biking friend Kate mentioned she had a canoe, but had no means of transporting it on her Prius, or anyone interested in joining her for some paddling. With my elitist sailing attitude, I laughed and told her that canoeing is the lowest form of boating. Canoeing... yawn.

Later I happened to run that opinion by a distinguished outdoorswoman who smiled thinly at my ignorance. She proceeded to regale me with stories of family canoe trips on Maine rivers with her husband and two young children, and later trips hiring bush planes to fly into Northern Canada with canoes lashed to the pontoons for river and lake expeditions.

Wonderful stories! It made me think, "Of course. That's always the case with being on the water, get the right boat for the right application." A canoe has versatile and ancient utility in the right setting of rivers and protected waters. My interest piqued, I asked this adventure traveler where we might canoe in the Boston area. She remembered long ago canoeing down the Ipswich River and landing on Crane's Beach but couldn't recall logistical details.

## Riverine Dream

By Randall Brubaker  
Somerville, MA



A "hidden place" launch site.

Wow, I thought, that sounds like a high adventure day trip, but as a beginner I feared I'd be too exposed to the power boats and tides of the coast. So I began asking around and researching on the internet, finally zeroing in on the Sudbury River. Kate and I did our first trip there, parking in an unofficial wide spot off little Pelham Island Road in Wayland. Then we clambered over a bank to launch from a "hidden" place that one would presumably know only from local knowledge... or the internet.

We paddled for miles with few man-made intrusions and were astonished that a river so close to a metropolitan area could be so prehistoric in its natural beauty. This riparian meander has been working on its graceful curves since the glaciers retreated. We were scolded by great blue herons that lifted off like pterodactyls, watched swift kingfishers working from bare tree branches, and mar-

veled at flocks of acrobatic barn swallows picking off flying insects before sundown.

Over the summer we tried different launch sites on the Sudbury and upper Charles Rivers. Then on to the Ipswich River, putting in just above the dam from where the Foote Brothers Canoe Rentals will trailer customers' canoes upriver to a launching site for an afternoon downstream paddle through the 2,500-acre Great Wenham Swamp, much of it an Audubon Reservation, a fantastic bargain for less than the price of a ticket to the contrived thrills of a theme park. I was grateful and inspired anew to keep my dues current with Mass Audubon, The Nature Conservancy, and Trustees of Reservations, which help preserve these geological jewels along this part of the river.

The canoe was a low cost, low maintenance, low hassle craft that easily floated us upon the tranquil and majestic waters of these unspoiled rivers. In ten minutes we could haul the canoe out of Kate's garage, strap it down on my roof rack, and be on the road with a boat that could carry all of our "expedition" gear," as we didn't travel light.

There is something to be said for two people in a handy vessel that can carry our lunch cooler, cameras, GPS, extra clothes, cushions, maps, binoculars, and team effort! Still, I don't really like the unbalanced ergonomics of paddling on one side of a canoe, nor watching the slippery kayaks blowing right past us.

Kayaks are so efficient and effortless that canoes can seem quaint and stodgy in comparison. However, I'm not much attracted to fixing my cranky low back and legs in one position in a slender kayak hull for three or four hours of exploring. In addition, Kate's canoe was beautifully fiber-glassed with laminated ash trim and caned seats, while the rotomolded plastic of some kayaks in dayglo colors held all the charm of riding a Fisher Price Big Wheel.

Besides, there was no money in the budget for more recreational toys. I did have another option though, for I'd hung onto a couple of dinghies from my sailing days. They were moldering around unused, but too cherished to ever sell. I have a six-footer, an eight-footer, and a ten-footer that are just so danged salty and cool I'll keep 'em to the bitter end, if only to remind myself I used to be a sailor.

Back then I loved to row out to my mooring, never using the launch service. On windless days when I couldn't sail, I would sometimes row around the moorings and into the Neponset River. Through the years my sailboats were small and I would sometimes sacrifice sailing performance to tow a dingy so I could anchor out and row ashore on one of the harbor islands.

Canoeing got me thinking. Why not cartop a dinghy and row on the rivers? And so I did. During August and September I rowed the length of the Sudbury in the 8' dink, going from Natick to Concord using different launch sites. This river's remarkably pristine and beautiful throughout and never crowded. I saw a couple of fishermen with outboards, a smattering of kayakers, and the occasional canoe, sometimes using an electric motor. I never saw anyone else using oars. I wonder why?

Is it because kayaks are so light and indestructible that they can practically be thrown around with one hand? Yet it's all I can do to cartop my rowboat, a maneuver that requires I not get any older than my 57 years. In addition, most of the launch sites are not

trailer friendly, so the boat must be cartopped and then carried in, frequently over some little distance of unimproved footpaths. Yes, advantage kayaks.

Did I not see oarsmen because facing backwards can be a disadvantage while rowing on a winding river? This was not a deal-breaker for me as much of the Sudbury is quite wide. Even upriver where it narrowed, funneling a stronger current and the rowing was strenuous, there was little risk, just nosing into a muddy bank or catching the oars in fallen debris; at worst, raked by low hanging branches.

Rowing this constricted section of river was only possible due to high water from our rain soaked summer of '09. While it was a fun challenge of my boat handling under oars, I may not have to repeat the exercise. This seemed such a novel use of a yacht tender, I called it "stunt rowing."

The trick was to not sprain my neck while rowing in congested waters. I turned my hips 45° to the dinghy's centerline while employing short strokes using just the upper body held upright, that way I could turn my head with minimum effort. Facing backwards limits sighting wildlife but I had good luck when I sat quietly, tied to a bank or a fallen tree. I liked having more boat under me than a kayak or canoe when going solo, and having all my gear easily at hand. I could even stand up and stretch my legs if I was careful... very careful. I tried that stunt in the canoe and Kate just about punched my ticket.

Do people not row because it's too demanding? I kept getting asked, "Isn't that

hard work rowing for miles with half your trip against a current?" Umm... could be, but don't some of them have gym memberships? At least during the summer, rowing beats heading to the club to pump iron or manipulate machines in dead air and bad light.

I've got no affiliations now, preferring to be outdoors when possible. I've found there is a comfortable rowing pace that feels right, more than right, it feels great. I regularly shuffle five miles and call it jogging and sometimes tour 20 to 30 miles on my bike. I suppose these activities may get some endorphin thing going.

I've found rowing to be something else and it's not just about exercise or a runner's high. It's about transformation on a voyage into a world that can be seen only from a boat, as no road or footpath will begin to reveal these rivers. It's about working an unhurried, rhythmic stroke using my full body in balance, striding along the river on a hypnotic summer day, deep breathing the rich fecund air, steeped in an ancient setting with bird calls my only soundtrack, no expectation of arriving somewhere and no ambition beyond exploring the next turn.

Distilling down into the present moment as I man the oars, the universe opens above me and a kind of liquid well-being pours down. Deep contentment vibrates on a cellular level. Time lifts off the rails and goes non-linear.

Is this some kind of "peak experience?" Touched by Jesus or a Riverine God? I don't know. I just narrow my eyes under my wide-brim hat and breathe it in. And keep pulling. Grateful.

Nosed into shore for some nature observations.



Relic of an elegant past, an abandoned fieldstone boathouse on Fairhaven Bay, a wide spot on the Sudbury.



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How weird is this? Right in the middle of the least populated part of the west, where cows outnumber humans and where annual rainfall is from 9" to 12" per year, there is the fifth largest man made lake in the United States. Fort Peck Lake is located on the Missouri River (the longest river in the United States.) The lake has more than 1520 miles of shoreline (more, incidentally, than the entire California Pacific coast). No rocks, no reefs, no tides, no currents, and really, just about no people.

When the dam was built (1934-1940) it took 11,000 workers and the town that grew up where construction was being done had a population of 50,000. As of the last census (2000) that town's population was 235. The lake backed up by the dam (the largest earthen filled dam in the world) is 134 miles long. And it's not one of those skinny little finger lakes either, we're talking major water width.

There are three marinas on the lake and, as near as I can determine, including mine there are only four sailboats in residence during the summer. Traffic is not a problem. There are fishing boats we see occasionally, but on a lake this vast they are more of a passing thought than a problem. Toward the lower end of the lake (but still 30 miles or so from the end) is a semi enormous bay named Fourchette Bay. I asked the man at the marina how many miles it was to Fourchette by the lake and he answered me, "Too many miles, there is no boat that can pack enough gas to go there and get back, even if that person could afford that much gas." As it turned out, Fourchette Bay was 101 miles as the crow flies (each way) and I did end up (sadly) burning 3 1/2 gallons of gas. Mostly that was in the evenings exploring some of the countless bays for a suitable overnight mooring spot.

The entire bottom of the lake is composed of a strange volcanic marlish mud from a time before imagining, so long ago, in fact, that most of the big dinosaur skeletons found in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City came from the area surrounding the lake. "It is widely recognized by scientists as one of the most fossiliferous localities in the world." I love that word. There are just an even 50 species of fish in the lake so when we fish there is a good chance we may get (a) a surprise and (b) we may need a book to identify it.

This area was first explored by none other than Lewis and Clark in 1805. In their

## Our Failed Attempt To Reach Fourchette Bay



journal they wrote of the area, "They were awed by the natural pristine river and surrounding area." Not bad for a couple of guys who explored the entire western frontier and covered lots of ground. But I digress.

Running along the western shore of Fort Peck Lake is the Charles Russell Wildlife Refuge that covers 1,000,000 acres. Yep, one million acres. That's 1,700 square miles. So, besides the fossils everywhere, there are mule deer, elk, bighorn sheep, pronghorn antelope, sage grouse, sharptail grouse, and endless waterfowl. The scenery and the solitude are spectacular. The sunsets we will never forget.

Now for the sailing part. We launched our boats on the public (spelled "free") boat ramp at the Fort Peck Marina. The other two marinas are Hell Creek and the Big Dry Arm. The Fort Peck Marina is located just west of the dam and has a restaurant... well, OK, more like a cafe, a bar, a marine store, and a full service marine mechanic. Both of our boats were trailer sailers (mine a C&C Mega and Dave's, a Catalina 25). We tied up to the courtesy dock and loaded provisions and

whatnot. Then we parked our trucks and trailers in the limitless free parking. We motored a mile or two out of the bay because we wanted to make sure our motors were working properly, then we set sail and were off.

I would like to take a minute here and talk about the wind. I believe this to be (unlike windless Lake Powell) the fourth windiest location in the continental US. There can be stiff and even ferocious winds. Usually not, but sometimes yes. The predominate wind is generally a west wind which is the remnants of the Japanese Current which swoops down from 30,000 feet, hits the Rocky Mountains, and comes to earth. This is most excellent as the lake runs more or less north and south so we are dealing with a close hauled sailing situation. Also, because of the countless protected bays lining both sides of the lake if the pucker factor hits critical mass, we just sail into a protected lee bay and fish, darn socks, meditate, or in my case babysat the derelicts who were my sailing partners. Dave in his Catalina 25 single handed the entire cruise.

So off we went and as we sailed farther from shore the lower the sun sank and the cloudier it got. We went the first week of August and, given we were smack dab in the middle of what used to be known as the great American western desert (before promoters realized that was not a good sales pitch), rain in August comes with about the same frequency as meteorites or kidney stones. Never discount Murphy. The rain started falling along with the wind falling off. We motored to a bay dropped the hook and anchored for the night.

The next day was sunny as was the rest of the week and we had a fair breeze so we set sail down lake for the fabled Fouchette Bay. We sailed about 25 or 30 miles and turned east into a long and winding bay known as Hell Creek. I don't know how it got its name but can only assume it was a pioneer having a bad hair day somewhere in the annals of history. We can only sail so far up a serpentine bay with high towering cliffs before the wind is no more. Once again the motor was beckoned and we tied up at the Hell Creek Marina. Sadly there were no thong-clad babes and the bar had burned down. Hardly surprising for a place named Hell Creek. We did load up on more ice as my near derelict crew had grossly underestimated how much ice it takes to cool the massive quantities of adult beverages in the hot August sun.

While backing out of the dock I inadvertently snagged about 50 tons of this long spaghetti like seaweed that wrapped itself around my keel and rudder. Under full motor power the drag was such that my forward speed was reduced to the approximate speed of a glacier. I had to don mask and fins and do weed removal. By the time I was done I realized I had seen smaller haystacks than the mass I had removed which was now floating alongside my boat. Speed recovered, we pushed further into the bay, had a raft-up and a big barbecue, and called it a day.

The next day we got up amazingly late, dawdled, cooked breakfast and set sail. Once out of Hell Creek we turned down lake and at this point pretty much left civilization in any form of the word. We never saw another boat for the next three days. We had never been down the lake this far but we were not worried because we had a cheesy mustard-spattered place mat map of the lake we had stolen from the bar at Fort Peck Marina. We sailed the next 25 miles in relative silence





awed by the majestic scenery of the Missouri river bluffs towering high above us. We did see one family camped along the bank fishing and from their fervent waves I suspect we were the first sailboats they had ever laid eyes on. Then again, maybe they were trying to warn us against the dragons or end of the earth that laid ahead.

When we had sailed down to what we guessed was either Timber Creek or Bone Trail there was a bay so enormous we were momentarily confused as to which was the bay and which was the lake. We turned to port and soon realized we had made the right decision. Rounding another corner we realized the sun was sinking low and Fourchette Bay was not going to be an option, at least that night anyway. We found another small bay, tied the boats together, and had a big meal of kabobs, corn on the cob, and watermelon.

The next morning we woke up to near gale winds. Both of our anchors had broken loose during the night and reset themselves several hundred yards to starboard. We could have taken greater measures to double anchor except with no rocks, endless soft mud, no tides, no currents, and lift keels the outcome would not much matter. We dawdled as usual the next morning, drank Irish coffee (the perfect food, all four food groups, sugar, alcohol, caffeine, and fat) and discussed our best plan of action. Dave went below and got his GPS and satellite maps. Sometimes high tech is better than bar place mat maps.

As it turned out we were still a dozen or so miles shy of Fourchette Bay, basically a day there and back. It was doable but if we ran out of wind it would mean a lot of motoring and if we ran out of gas, we would be totally dependent on wind, which would have been fine except we had time parameters within which we had to be home. "Discretion is the better part of valor" won the day and we turned back from whence we had come. Remember the gale wind conditions? Well, they persisted and under reefed sail we cruised along at or near hull speed for hours. After making several long doglegs on the lake we hit the open expanse of the main body of the lake and the full fury of the



wind. Still maintaining hull speed under double reefed main and half jib we were plowing over waves larger than some I had seen people surf on in Hawaii. Yahoo!

By about 5pm everybody involved decided flatwater, dinner, and a little walk on terra firma sounded good so we turned into the Pines Recreational Area and tied up to the courtesy dock and walked around for a spell. We spent the night in the bay in glassy calm conditions watching the deer play on shore and the ospreys hauling fish to their youngsters.

The next day we sailed 10 or 12 miles up lake until we ran out of wind. It was in the mid 90s and the lake was glass so we all jumped in and swam in the middle of the lake. The water was in the mid to high 70s so swimming was fabulous. Later that day (still no wind) we motored to York Island, anchored in a lee bay, and I got out my fishing pole. It was a low tech application, a big greasy gob of several night crawlers, a big hook, and a sinker. I cast it off the stern and then joined the rest of the crew for dinner. When I came back my line had been severed, 17lb test with a steel leader. What did that? Your guess is as good as mine. Something big.

The next day we sailed into the Fort Peck Marina and loaded up our boats. Six days sailing, estimated mileage with tacks, gybes,

and whoopeddoodles, 200-220. Objective, dam to Fourchette and back, unfulfilled. Discouragement level, non-existent.

And so, this year (2011) we want to retry this and achieve our objective, only with a twist. Instead of two sailboats we would like to invite everyone reading this who owns a sailboat, or has a friend with a sailboat, to join us. We talked to the owners of the Fort Peck Marina and they said they would keep the lights on for us. Come join us. Come and see a land that time forgot and a lake you'll never forget.



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The winter of 2010 had arrived in Connecticut and my wife Louise and I had yet to decide if we were going to load our 21' Current Designs double kayak on our 240 Volvo wagon for yet another Florida adventure. The previous winter we had paddled the Ocklawaha River just east of Ocala and stayed at the Ocklawaha Outpost in Fort McCoy. We used the Outpost's shuttle van to transport our kayak to the put-in at Ray Wayside Park on Rt 40 in Ocala. The paddle downstream from there back to the Outpost was just under 20 miles, and once we put in on the narrow canal a left turn would lead us down the tannin colored Ocklawaha and a right turn would head us up the crystal clear waters of the Silver River.

I had read a little bit about the Silver River and the glass bottom boat attractions at the headwaters some five miles upstream and thought we might spend a little time poking around on the Silver before heading down the Ocklawaha and back to camp. Joe, our shuttle driver, cautioned us that spending too much time exploring the Silver might cause us to be caught on the Ocklawaha after dark, something he advised against, and that if he had to come looking for us there would be an extra charge.

That said and understood, I made arrangements to call the camp office prior to its closing for the day and check in with them, although I was pretty sure that we'd be fairly close to the camp by then. The put-in at Ray Wayside Park was a good one and the 100-yard paddle down the narrow canal brought us to the eastern terminus of the Silver River. We made that right turn and headed upstream against what appeared to be about a 2mph current. We found that our 21' double kayak had no problem overcoming the current and we seemingly were transported back in time to what many people refer to as "Old Florida" where the cypress forest was the rule rather than the exception.

After a mile or so and keeping a close eye on the time, we reluctantly made that 180° turn and headed back to the Ocklawaha, but not before making a promise to return and complete the paddle to the headwaters of the Silver River. The paddle down the Ocklawaha was really outstanding and in a few places a little challenging given the length of our kayak, but we made that call to the camp to let them know we were in good shape and arrived there just prior to sunset.

Fast forward to February 2010 when we were days away from making good on our promise return to the Silver River and I was being asked to make yet another promise and that was to allow adequate travel time on the highway. No doubt my paddling partner, Louise, was recalling a past paddling trip that concluded with a nonstop 1,500-mile ride from Key West, Florida, to Norwalk, Connecticut. No problem, I remembered that trip, too, and had no intention of repeating it. In addition to paddling the Silver River we also planned to stop off at Kings Bay in Crystal River, Florida, to get a look at the 200 or more manatees that were reported gathering there each winter and after that it was on to the Keys where the warm weather is more predictable.

The plan was for a first night stop in Manning, South Carolina, and then a leisurely six hour ride to Ocala, Florida, where we would arrive in the afternoon and prepare for the next day's paddle on the Silver River. Sometimes plans just don't seem to work out for one reason or another and this

## The Silver River After Hours

By Hugh McManus



Heading upriver.

one didn't. As we woke up early next morning for the Manning to Ocala ride, a glance at the weather forecast for our next day's paddle included both wind and rain. However, our travel day's weather was going to remain favorable throughout the day. It was time to consider an option of doing that Silver River paddle today and use the rain and wind day as a travel day to Crystal River.

That being said, we were still in Manning, South Carolina, six hours away from the Silver River put-in and the ten mile river paddle. Louise just shook her head and asked how we were going to be off the river before dark. No problem, the trip to Ocala was just over 350 miles or just under six hours and given that the sun set at 6:25pm we had, by my count, four hours of daylight to paddle the five miles up and five miles down on the Silver River. Even after the sun set we would still have at least a good 30 minutes of twilight left. Louise was looking at me like I was trying to sell her a vacuum cleaner or something and I couldn't understand why she was having any hesitation. I think I mentioned something about her sense of adventure.

No time to waste considering this further, we needed to be on the road for any more discussions. I think we arrived at the Rt 40 put-in at a little after 3pm, and as we prepared the boat for the paddle I noticed that a fellow paddler with a carbon canoe had arrived and that he had a Coast Guard sticker on his bumper, so I couldn't help walking over to see his boat and swapping a few sea stories about our mutual C.G. service time. A few minutes turned into a few more and Louise was pointing to her watch and, now a little behind time, we launched the kayak and headed down the canal for that right turn on the Silver.

I thought it was kind of neat to think we had left home in Connecticut on Sunday and here we were paddling on the Silver River the very next day. I think it's fair to say that Louise was not as enthusiastic as I over that thought. As we made that right turn from the Canal onto the Silver, I stopped off by a low branch overhanging the river and tied a red chem light on it to mark the location of the put-in canal. Of course, came the question as to why I was doing that as I had promised we'd be well off the river prior to dark. I explained that I was sure we'd never need it but it was a safety thing and we could never be too safe. Again, I

got the vacuum cleaner look.

We were off, paddling against the current which seemed a little stronger than last year, but no problem and it wasn't long before we arrived in an area where wild monkeys had been reported. Apparently back in the 1930s a number of Tarzan movies were filmed here on the river and the story is that some of the rhesus monkeys used in those productions had escaped and now populate the river banks. The other story is that back in the '30s one of the Jungle Cruise boat captains came up with idea of populating one of the small river islands with the monkeys not thinking that they could actually swim off the island. Swim? Tell me they can't swim.

Louise had read where some of these monkeys have been known to bite and actually climb out on overhanging branches and relieve themselves on the paddlers below. Our oldest daughter had thoughtfully sent her mom a YouTube video of the monkeys in action before we left home so it's fair to say she was a little uneasy about any meeting we were going to have with the little guys. We heard them before we saw them and not all were little, and it appeared that they were looking for a handout but we had read where that was discouraged by the park rangers who patrol the 5,000 acre state park. We got close enough for some photos and stayed well clear of the overhanging branches but the monkeys were never a problem and pretty interesting to watch, but then a glance at the time reminded us that we still had a ways to go and then return and the sun was getting ever lower in the sky.



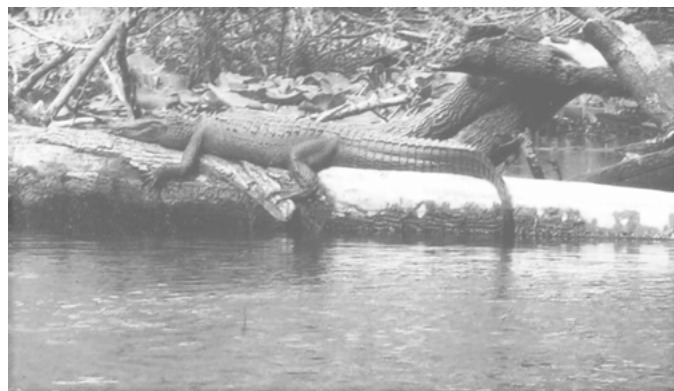
One of many monkeys.

It was hard to keep paddling and not take time to take in all the beauty of this pristine river. I guess I was more worried about the battery state in my camera than the sun's position, but we saw lots of birds including egrets, great and little blue herons, wood ducks, kingfishers, ibis, anhinga, night herons, hawks, and others. The river banks were lined with cypress, palmetto, and lots of other southern vegetation. The river winds its way through the park and it's very quiet except for wildlife along the river. We saw many turtles as well as some small alligators which were generally found sunning themselves along the river bank and tended to scoot away when they became aware of our presence.

The water was crystal clear and the closer we got to the headwaters, the deeper



White ibis.



Some gators were not so small.

the river got, at some points apparently over 30' deep. The springs up at the headwaters supply the river with over 500 million gallons of fresh water each day. Prior to setting off for this road trip I had done some research on the Silver River and downloaded a map from Google Earth and inserted waypoints with longs and lats that would show our progress and help me answer those "how far is it now" questions that I knew would be coming, especially on the return trip to the put-in.

As I searched around the cockpit for that laminated map, I realized that in my haste to get the boat in the water, that little gem was left sitting in the front seat of our car. Not to fear, I had a trusty handheld GPS chart plotter that we have used from Key West to Nova Scotia and it's never failed us. The problem here was the river wasn't on the GPS marine charts and its road maps didn't really show the river all that well but it still generated some valuable information. Since it was a Monday we didn't encounter too many other paddlers or boaters on the river which was a good thing.

As we came closer to the headwaters and the glass bottom boat attraction, we passed another boat heading downriver and were warned about a "big alligator" in the river ahead. We rounded a bend, one of the many, in the river and I thought I saw something in the middle and as we got closer I realized it was a pretty large gator that hadn't seen us and was peacefully resting, after all it was his river. I tried to steer the kayak around him as Louise began to point out what she had thought was a large log that now turned into a gator which had been rudely awakened from his little nap. He was not happy and after whacking his tail on the water in front of us he dove under. Louise told me that he measured 12' long, as she had just recently read where we can tell the length of an alligator by estimating the distance from its sinus cavity to its snout. I'll just stick to the head to tail thing but it was pretty big and I was scolded for not watching where I was going, but it was getting darker.

It wasn't too long before we reached the headwaters where the glass bottom boat attraction is, by now closed for the day, and not a person in sight. The sun by this time was pretty low and being on the river with overhanging trees along the banks, we could see that we were losing daylight quickly. With the current in our favor, we cranked up the paddling pace, but by 5:25pm the sun had dropped out of the sky and we had four miles to go. The twilight visibility still was good but, with river being flat calm, we were catching a reflection of the sky on the water



Great blue heron closeup.



Turtle family at rest.

so at times it was almost hard to tell where the sky and water met and I was advised that that sensation was actually making my paddling partner, who was in the bow, dizzy.

The river was full of twists and turns, overhanging trees, and bars and there were no structures of any kind nor lights along its entire length. I thought it was pretty challenging, we could hear the gators grunting as we approached and then their sisters and brothers responding around the next bend. We were soon overflowed by a mixed flock of ibis and egrets and I wondered where they were

headed and a couple of river bends later I had the answer, they were roosting in one of the large trees along the river. They apparently were home and we had some distance to go.

It wasn't as though I didn't have any lights onboard but I didn't want to ruin our night vision which was getting better as we progressed and I couldn't help but point out how bright the stars looked. Apparently the stars were of little interest to Louise as she was concerned about the monkeys, which we couldn't see. I told her that I read where monkeys retire early and she should try to focus on where the next bend was. For the first couple of "how far now" queries I was able to look at the GPS and give her a pretty good estimate of where we were but soon after that I noticed that the GPS screen was blinking on and off, indicating a low battery condition, and not long after that the unit gave up the ghost and went blank.

Somewhere in my waterproof bag I had spare batteries, but it's only a river and it's not likely we're going to get lost and we're paddling with the current and we'd know if we got turned around. Rather than explain about the lack of charts and navigational devices, all future "how far nows?" were answered with "close" or "very close". A little after 8pm, a small dim red light came into view and the last question from the bow paddler was "is that our red light?" So at about 8:20pm, after retrieving our chem light, we returned to the put-in. There were two cars in the once full parking lot, ours and one other that I'm certain was broken down.

Tomorrow it would be off to see the manatees and the first question was, "have manatees ever bumped a kayak?"

Still heading upriver in late afternoon.



I own two sailing vessels, a 23' Pearson Ensign named *Spindrift* and a 10½' O'Day Sprite. The Ensign, a more recent purchase, is the boat I most often single hand on Fishers Island Sound, the Sprite is the first and oldest boat that I purchased new for my young family in April 1959 when I lived in Gales Ferry, Connecticut. In it I taught my children and now my grandchildren about the sea and how to sail. When I'm a mind to and the wind is too brisk for a casual sail in the Ensign, I single hand the Sprite. I seldom write about a cruise in the Sprite since I've gotten *Spindrift* because I usually don't go that far to qualify it as a bona fide "cruise."

However, on a fine September morning in 1995 a puffy south wind started blowing as a brisk Force 5, and with my wife Fay's Groton Long Point Women's Organization meeting at home through lunchtime and after, I decided I wanted to be on my boat. After checking the weather again I decided it was to be the Sprite for me. With my lunch tucked into the sail bag and my life jacket over my shoulder, I started for East Beach where my Sprite was pulled up. I can almost see the beach from where I live so it is but a short walk up Cross Street to get there.

The beach itself is small, about 200 yards in length, part of which is devoted to a swimming and sunbathing area and the other for the storage of beach craft and small power boats on mooring lines. It faces to the south-east and virtually looks up Fishers Island Sound. My boat was pulled up on the sand that slopes down some 20' to the water's edge depending upon the height of the tide. Since the tide was on the ebb that day I had all that distance to go to get the boat into the water. Because the dinghy weighs 169 pounds it is a heavy pull for this senior citizen. For this reason I use two inflated boat fenders under the hull to act as rollers. Pulling down the sloping beach gave me little trouble. A greater effort would be required at day's end when I had to pull the boat up when I was tired and looking for my afternoon libation.

I took another look at the weather. There was a clear blue sky with alto cumulus clouds and the wind out of the south-east, a good day for a sail. The mast and rigging were already installed so all I had to do was attach the rudder, raise the main and the jib, and get underway. With a favorable direction of the wind and current I figured I could easily go east up (really "down" east) the southeastern Connecticut shore to Stonington Harbor, Connecticut, about four nautical miles away. I shoved off snuggling down in the cockpit on a boat cushion. Seats on a small sailboat usually leave one sitting too high above gunwale liable to end up getting a "severe headache," or worse in case of an accidental jibe.

Two hundred yards off the Groton Long Point shore the wind lightened and died. I guess I was not going down east after all. Oh well, if necessary I could just gunkhole around home, but then to my delight a light southeast breeze arose out of the doldrums. Ideal! I set a course for Mouse Island across the entrance to West Cove, Noank, where I haul *Spindrift* for the winter. I had to dodge a few sailboats under power coming out of Spicers Marina. Even though these boats were being motorsailed some of their skippers still believed they have the same right of way they'd have as a sailboat. Being much smaller, in most cases, I had no desire to argue the point.

## 20 Years Sailing on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

### Part 10

## Cruise to Stonington Harbor

By Lionel Taylor  
Groton Long Point, Connecticut

West Cove has a breakwater halfway across its mouth to keep out the worst of the weather from the marina just inside. Beyond is their mooring field comprising of four or five acres. The channel runs between this anchorage to the west and Morgan Point, a peninsula, to the east. On it is located a small lighthouse, no longer manned, and now part of a new home that was built on to it as an addition. My wife and I had visited this lighthouse many years before when it was open for visitors. We had driven down a long road that splits the town of Noank and parked our car in an elite section of homes that looks out on the waters of West Cove. We had a pleasant walk out to Morgan Point and the lighthouse.

Before going inside, we walked down a sloping green lawn that led down to the water. The view was spectacular. We could look up Fishers Island Sound to Westerly, Rhode Island, and across the water to Fishers Island to the southwest. We watched sail and power boats rounding a flashing green 22' stone marker that was at the eastern end of Morgan Point and coming down and going up the Mystic River. It certainly was the ideal spot for the lighthouse and a home! As we walked back to the lighthouse we were surprised at how small it was, tall enough in height but small in diameter.

We entered the building through a small wooden door that opened to the west, obviously away from the nor'easters that often battered the coast, and encountered a strong smell of dampness. The small room at the base of the building had obviously been the living quarters of the lighthouse keeper. There was a small iron hook on the wall meant to hang a set of foul weather gear and the foot of a ladder ascending to the lamp room at the top of the tower. We weren't allowed to climb to the light so there wasn't much more to see. We could only be amazed at how even one individual could live comfortably here year after year in the dampness and dark to tend the light.

I had time to observe Mouse Island on the other side of the channel to West Cove. It was a favorite of ours to gunkhole around in the Sprite on a late Sunday afternoon or evening. We had come out, as I had done this day, only then to sail around it before returning home. There are three small cottages on the island and, since there is no bridge from the mainland, ingress and egress has to be by boat. The water is shallow on the eastern side with a bar on the northern end that prevents larger craft from entering but is just deep enough for a dinghy like ours to pass over at high tide by raising the centerboard if necessary. Mouse Island is little more than a water worn rock with four stunted trees that share a cupful of soil and the firmly rooted cottages. There is no well, no electricity, and, of course, no deep water around it. However, it would take deep pockets to purchase a cottage there.

Today I rounded Mouse island and slid along its western side. I left Morgan Point to port and entered the Mystic River. I sailed across the mile-wide gap of the river mouth to Enders Island with its massive seawall and cut stone monastery. Immediately above it, across a causeway, is Masons Island which forms the east bank of the Mystic River for more than a mile. Just outside the river's mouth, and abeam, is Ram Island. The mouth of the river is thick with moorings with Noank Marina to port, but at this time of a midweek day there was little boat traffic.

Now as I worked onto the north shore of Fishers Island Sound, I entered an area having the reputation for making things difficult for the unwary. It is enclosed by a line of reefs on both the north and south side of the Sound. *The Atlantic Coast Pilot*, 6th Edition, says "the entire area is exceedingly treacherous, characterized by boulder patches which rise abruptly from deep water." In 1814 Captain Thomas Hardy, of Trafalgar fame, commanding a small flotilla of British warships in an attack on Stonington, Connecticut, had trouble with what he described as "the shallowness of the water." After several days of desultory bombardment of the village, the British ships departed, their boats going ahead to sound the way for the larger vessels. Nevertheless, the *Ramillies*, Hardy's flagship, ran aground, and it took her crew ten hours of putting out anchors, dumping drinking water, and moving heavy cannon and shot from bow to stern before the *Ramillies* could be kedged off into deeper water.

Even now, when the perils of the Sound are marked by lighthouses and buoys, a walk around the local harbors during the summer can present, upon occasion, the sight of craft with mangled propellers, damaged rudders, or dented keels, the results of contact with the treacherous rocky patches. I must admit I entered "this treacherous area" with little fear. After all, I had successfully sailed this area for many years and had under me a boat, not with a keel that could be dented, but with a centerboard that could be raised to inches from the bottom to avoid a grounding.

I left Cormorant Rock and Lattimer Point to port and saw White Rock ahead. I don't know what made this boulder so white but it is outstanding to see among the other protruding gray and algae strewn rocks in the Sound. I had to harden up to lay a course for the Stonington breakwater leaving the extensive Noyes Shoal well to starboard. With a deep draft this could be a "difficult area for the unwary" to traverse as it is almost two miles long and has depths of only 8'-17' at mean low water and lies almost directly outside Stonington Harbor. Middle Ground, marked with a horn, also lies adjacent.

History tells me that there was no breakwater many years ago and that Wamphasuc Point, the peninsula that marks the western side of Stonington Harbor, was only marked with a buoy. Now the breakwater extends almost four-tenths of a mile from the Point into Fishers Island Sound with a light marking its extremities.

I rounded the breakwater and headed almost northeast easing the sheets as I reached toward Stonington Point. Immense granite blocks protect the harbor from the south. The breakwater dates from Stonington's 19th century heyday as a commercial port. However, it did not start out as such. The Dutch originally explored the southern coast of New England before the English came. Adrian Block set sail



from New Amsterdam in the year of 1614 in the *Restless*, a vessel 44' in length and voyaged leisurely along the Connecticut coast, taking time to examine the rivers and harbors, and giving them names that have long since disappeared and been forgotten.

The English came a few years later and gave a new set of place names to the region and these names, like the English language and theory of government, have survived. Captain Block, however, left Dutch names on two islands that still bear them, his own he gave to Manisses, or Block, Island, and upon the beautiful nearer island which stretches its graceful hills and beaches within three miles of Stonington, he bestowed the name of Visscher, or Fisher, after one of his crew. Captain Block sailed past Stonington and possibly anchored in Stonington Harbor.

Fate, however, had reserved this region for the English. Eight years after the destruction of Pequot Indian power, the younger John Winthrop came from Boston and began the settlement of Faire Harbour or New London, on the west bank of the Thames River, and among those whom he invited to join him in the enterprise was William Chesborough of Rehoboth in the colony of Plymouth. Chesborough visited the site, did not care for it, and set out across country for home. At Wequetequock, in the present town of Stonington, he found a pleasant valley, with a picturesque salt water cove, and here he determined to settle.

In the spring of 1649 he brought his family from Rehoboth and thus the white settlement of the town was begun. After a long dispute between Massachusetts and Connecticut as to whom the region belonged, the town was surrendered to the former. Three years later it was officially called Mystic, and in 1666 the name of Stonington was given to it, probably because of the character of the soil. So far as is known town was never represented in the General Court of Massachusetts and it was not until 1664 that William Chesborough was elected as its first representative at Hartford. The settlement of Long Point (Stonington Borough) was made shortly after 1750. Stonington was soon to be involved in the Revolutionary War. The town twice repulsed the forces of His Britannic Majesty, once in 1775 and again in 1814.

For a while, delayed by the War of 1812, steamboating in the postwar period became a big business, altering the old ways of water transportation on Long Island Sound. This affected Stonington as well.

A railroad was being built between Providence and Boston and it promised to reduce travel time between these two cities to one-fourth of what it was by stagecoach. This new service would be used by running steamboats from New York City to Providence where the passengers would transfer to the railroad for the rest of the trip to Boston. Two years after the opening of the Boston-Providence railroad, New York capitalists built a line from Providence to Stonington, shortening the sea route between New York City and Providence. Boats landing in Stonington were spared the treacherous voyage around Point Judith, a rough corner on the west side of Narragansett Bay. Aside from this, trains starting from Stonington could reach Providence much faster than boats. Passengers on the Boston run certainly preferred this alternative.

Incidentally, the engineer in charge of building the Providence-Stonington railroad was Major George Washington Whistler,

father of James, the painter, who spent part of his childhood in the village. Whaling and sealing ships continued to sail from Stonington and cargo schooners busily plied the coast. In Stonington passengers arrived by train from Boston and Providence to be carried overnight in large paddlewheel steamers to New York. The 350-year-old Stonington Village known as the "Borough" is blessed with a marvelous deep water harbor and populated by Dodson's Boat Yard and the Wadawanuck and Stonington Harbor Yacht Clubs.

The harbor is home to over 400 permanent moorings, 130 for working vessels, and shelters the last commercial fishing fleet in the state. It is estimated that during the season an additional 300 boats visit Stonington Harbor each week. Overnight transient moorings are available from Dodson's, a Stonington institution since 1902. Dodson's focus is service. As a result, many club cruises stop here, often for the kick-off or wind-up dinners catered in one of their boat sheds. As a guest, I attended several wind-up dinners given by the Southport Pequot Yacht Club after one of their summer cruises and was lost in the enormity of the shed we occupied.

As I sailed beyond the fish dock, where approximately 14 lobster boats and 18 draggers tie up, a wide channel opened up that is free from moorings. Many more working vessels were out in the harbor on moorings and their tenders were tied up here as well.

It was here that the Hurricane of 1938 did such extensive damage. By the time the storm was over only four boats out of nearly 100 remained afloat. The hurricane, which hit New England on the afternoon of September 21, proved to be the greatest single disaster ever to strike the town. Its losses were over a million dollars, half a dozen lives were wiped out, dozens of homes were destroyed and damaged, and severe harm was done to waterside industrial plants, installations, and, of course, fishing vessels. Arriving without adequate

warning, it caught residents completely by surprise. The Borough suffered permanent and ugly disfigurement through the loss of almost every one of its magnificent trees. The storm could not have struck at a worse time for the economy of the town had reached a new low during the depths of the Depression and had only just begun to improve. The blow was a stunning one, especially to fishing fleet whose boats either lay smashed along the shore or sunk at their piers.

Due to the wide open channel, I had a chance for a leisurely look at the village waterfront. Stonington stands on its promontory in the bright noon light, a mixed color collection of tightly packed buildings. Here most of the structures are wooden and the few visible towers are churches. The only large building is an old, partly torn down factory, which in recent years made molds for plastic squeeze bottles and in the past turned out cannon, rifles, potbelly stoves, and much of the world's silk making machines.

I have been told it was once owned by a Japanese real estate entrepreneur who paid an over the odds price in hopes of getting a zoning change that would allow him to build condos and private yacht slips. Opposed by those who still believe that real work has a meaningful place in the village, this hope went unfulfilled. Off the factory breakwater, called Du Bois Point, people were fishing, children played on 365' of trucked-in sand with their mothers watching and sunbathing as the lifeguard sat atop his high white chair.

Having taken an admiring look, I decided it was getting late so I came about and started for home. On a sailing reach I passed around the Stonington breakwater and on the way out met a beautiful 35' yawl headed in. I could only feel content that I was about to safely sail through "difficult" rocky waters in a centerboard sloop rather than on a 35' keelboat.

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Feeling like well-seasoned campers, we decided to spend another week canoe camping in Killarney Park, Canada. We had had great success the previous year on our first trip to the park and found that we could not resist the immense beauty and solitude of its crystal clear lakes and white quartzite mountains. On that trip we were apprehensive as we launched ourselves into an unfamiliar mode of camping for us, in a place that was also new. We found it suited us well, the lack of conveniences of a modern campground was more than compensated for by the isolation, with no need to take our turn at the bathroom or be annoyed by passing headlights or neighboring voices.

We knew what the lay of the lakes were like, the distances, the portages, the most desirable campsites and where to find them, and how to pack. We had taken too much gear the year before and would not make that mistake again. I had bought a much smaller, lighter tent that could be attached to my backpack and there would be no cooler chest, just a food pack that could be easily secured in the treetops.

The plan this time was to start early, driving all the way to Killarney, arriving in time to load the canoe and set out on our journey. We did not want to have to spend time in the drive-in campground if we could avoid it, so I made reservations for a first night camp on George Lake. This would get us away from the crowd, yet would require no portaging to get to a campsite. We knew there were two sites at the east end of the lake, not far from the first portage, and if we could secure one of those it would give us an early start the next day as well as the quiet camping spot we wanted. From there we would go two lakes in, to OSA Lake, which was similar to Killarney Lake but with more islands. We had walked the portage the year before to take a look and were eager to give it a try.

We got to the park in good weather and early enough for a leisurely paddle down George Lake. Check-in went quickly and we were on our way. Indeed there was an excellent campsite available at the east end of the lake and we had a long June evening to enjoy it. It was a clear, warm night so as dusk settled and mosquitoes came out we took a swim in the lake to escape them. Soon after, we skipped the campfire and crawled into the tent, drifting off to sleep to the calls of loons. It had been a good day.

Dawn came early, bright and clear. With the sun behind us we had a perfect picture of the lake from our tent, with the stark white mountains on the north and the lightly wooded pink granite boulders and cliffs forming points of land along the south side. After a quick hot breakfast of juice and oatmeal we were packed and over to the short portage into Freeland Lake. Even then there were a few canoes coming down George Lake toward us, sensibly out early in the calm, most of them probably just out for a paddle around the lake, but even if they were also headed to the portage we would not have to wait. Soon we were paddling down the small, weedy but quietly beautiful Freeland Lake and landing at the muddy portage to the Killarney Lake entrance channel.

## A Painful Night in Killarney

By Hugh Groth

Killarney is a large park with many lakes and potential canoe trails. Parks rarely are developed with the advantage to the canoeist as this one is, with no motors allowed, and cans, bottles and wheeled portaging devices banned. OSA and Killarney lakes are in a sense the centerpiece of the park, OSA named for the Ontario Society of Artists and the seven artists who were largely responsible for creation of the park. They are both accessible and incredibly beautiful, ringed with white mountains and dotted with spruce-covered islands.

There are two portages into OSA, one involving a lift-over at a small beaver dam and then a short paddle to a rather short portage to the lake. It looked from a distance like that short portage had a rocky and very steep start, so we passed up the lift-over and chose the longer route, finding it level but marshy and weedy and full of bugs. Then we emerged to a pretty, shallow beach and a fine view of OSA Lake.

The pretty little island nearest the portage seemed to be occupied, so we loaded up and paddled on down the lake, maybe a couple of miles. A larger island more than halfway down the lake had a nice, empty site so we landed and set up. It was reasonably level, had a good view, and we enjoyed the rest of the day in the sun and light breeze. Again that night loons serenaded us to sleep, and we woke to another nice day, only a little overcast. In early afternoon the wind began to pick up, from the east, not a good sign. As night fell the clouds thickened and a light rain started to fall.

We awoke in the night to the sound of wind in the treetops, and I hoped the weather would clear by morning. It didn't. The wind was strong now, and waves on the lake were beginning to show whitecaps. The wise thing to do would have been to stay put, to wait out the weather, but our reserved itinerary called for us to move to Killarney Lake that day. We decided to head back to the portage before the weather got any worse, so we packed up the canoe and headed out. The waves began to gain strength, hitting us on the starboard quarter and spraying into the boat, so we turned and headed straight into the wind. This would take us to shore a ways to the south of the portage landing, but we had no choice. It seemed to take forever, but we made it to land, and exhausted, paddled in the lee of the east shore to the portage.

The start of the trip had been ideal, with fair skies and light winds. Now the weather had turned sour, with a cold wind driving a steady rain. We hauled our canoe and gear back over the portage, loaded up and headed out to look for an empty site on Killarney Lake, hoping that the site we'd had the year before was still available. Sure enough, it was now occupied, so we paddled back to the site we had just passed and set up there. It was not as nice a spot, with a restricted view, but the landing was not difficult and by now we were really tired, discouraged, and in no mood to search on down the lake into the face of the wind for another.

We made the best of the rest of the day, building a campfire and warming ourselves

by it. Then the rain stopped and I decided to explore on back into the woods a bit. As with many of the campsites at Killarney this one was situated high on a point extending out into the lake, so the outhouse box, just a box with a hole and a cover, was placed back in the woods far from water. I had not gone far when out of the brush came a bird, what appeared to be a cock pheasant, with its wings out and squawking furiously. He was not going to let me pass, so I retreated without argument while the pheasant pranced around sounding his irritation. This was a fine fix, held at bay by a pheasant on the warpath between us and the box in the woods. We found a short detour around his domain until dark, when he decided to give up and find a roost. Then we sat by the fire on into the evening, sipping peppermint tea and hoping the weather would clear by morning.

I awoke in the middle of the night with a horrible pain somewhere in my midsection. When I tried to sit up, it hurt. I lay back down, and it hurt worse. I carefully stood up, but nothing helped. The best I could do was to find way to sit where it hurt less than other positions, and wait for daylight. Maybe it would subside, but I was really worried. We were two portages and at least four hours of paddling away from help, and while Mary Anne could paddle us both in the canoe, she could not be expected to carry it across a portage. Possibly we could find help at one of the other campsites, but for now there was nothing to do but sit still and wait.

This was before folks like us had cell phones, and there would have been no reception there anyway. I had enough training to be of the opinion that it was not a heart attack, but I was not sure. After all, I was a prime age for it. Maybe it was appendicitis, which could be urgent enough as well. As we waited it began to get light and the pain eased a bit, enough that I felt I could help to slowly pack up the gear and get it into the canoe.

By the time we were underway it was late morning and it was a beautiful day. At the portage we each made two slow trips with lots of rest stops. The next portage was short and easy, so if nothing changed it was just a matter taking it slowly, for the wind was not a factor. By the time we got to the car I was feeling enough better that I elected not to seek medical help in Sudbury, to the north, but to head south toward home.

At the car we loaded the canoe and the gear, I laid down in the back seat, and Mary Anne began the long drive. The pain was still gradually lessening, and after 100 miles or so I was feeling good enough to share some of the driving. Alternately resting and driving between us we actually made it all the way home, very late, very tired and prepared to see the doctor the next day.

The x-ray showed a very large kidney stone, still in the kidney. The doctor said that as long as it was not trying to find its way out it could not be causing the pain, so since he could find nothing else I was given no comfort and sent home. Later on it was years of on-off pain ending in a very difficult kidney stone removal before it was clear what had happened. The tough paddling of the morning evidently got the kidney stone moving, and since it was too big to get out it simply plugged the outlet and the kidney began to swell up. Then I topped off the day with a large mug of peppermint tea. The inevitable result is obvious. After all these years I still cannot face a cup of peppermint tea.

In my 80 some years I've had the pleasure of owning several dozen boats, most of them small. But there was one craft I piloted I'll never forget. *Stardust* was a 26' double-ended raised deck cabin cruiser of venerable years. She belonged to my older brother Herb and his good friend Larry, both naval reservists. By the summer of 1941 they had been called to active duty and I, then 16, and Larry's 25-year-old brother Edd had been granted the use of the old wooden boat.

So it was on a fine July Saturday that Ed and I met at the little boatyard on the Chicago River where *Stardust* was docked. We discovered that a passing barge had sheared off her windshield, but that didn't hinder our plans. We fired up her 45hp Kermath. A doughty little engine, it leaked oil so badly that about every hour we had to replenish its iron stomach with lubricant. With her four pistons hammering away, we motored down the then heavily polluted river to its mouth on Chicago's lakefront. Here we traversed the historic lock. To protect the city's drinking water, city fathers had wisely installed this lock to reverse the river's flow back to the Illinois and then Mississippi rivers.

By now we two mariners had decided to cruise 35 miles south to Michigan City, Indiana. We did not check the weather report for on such a sunny day what could go wrong? After three hours leisurely cruising we pulled up to a dock at Michigan City. We found a hotdog stand for lunch. While finishing our drinks we heard the stand owner mention a weather report of an impending squall. Ed and I looked at each other, climbed back into *Stardust*, and shoved off. Since it would be dark when we neared Chicago, we rigged a gasoline lantern next to the compass. Despite the weather report we were energized by the fresh breeze on the lake and looked forward to our trip home.

But within the hour a foreboding darkness filled the north. Within minutes our bright blue world was swallowed by a stygian blackness. A powerful wind kicked up angry waves and I remembered sea captains who spoke in awe of Great Lakes storms

*Stardust* before losing her windshield...



## Battling Lake Michigan

By Don Schneider  
Linden, Michigan



Brother Herb, *Stardust*'s owner, prior to going off to war.

as being much more brutal than the oceans because of the sledgehammer pounding of the breakers. *Stardust* pitched wildly, burying her stem into the onrushing dark green walls to thankfully rise again. Soon Ed, who had been vomiting over the rail, crawled into the cabin onto a bunk, but not before lashing me safely to the helm.

I felt sorry for him, but his indisposition also gave me full command of *Stardust*. Truth

be told, I was exhilarated. My big chance to fight a storm was being realized. But from then on it was a battle to keep *Stardust* heading into the oncoming combers. Blinking against the lashing spray and balancing at the bucking helm was beginning to take its toll on me. My arms ached and legs cramped.

Suddenly a giant black wall loomed out of the dark. Startled I finally made it out to be a huge ore boat. She was obviously heading for the steel mills in Gary or South Chicago. Heart in mouth, I carefully avoided her, only to face another, and then another passing close around me. I prayed they would see our dim running lights in the gloom. With America girding for war, steel mills roared around the clock and vast fleets of ore and limestone laden boats worked hard to feed them.

Hours had gone by as I struggled at the helm. When a glow fused the sky over the shore my heart lifted. We must be getting near Chicago. But it was not to be. It was the steel mills of South Chicago that lighted the cloud-laden sky. We were only halfway home. Amid the maelstrom I worried about the Kermath's constant demand for oil. But that had been solved when I saw Ed wearily rise from his bunk to lean over and pour lubricant into the little engine's mouth. I gave thanks for its steady rumble, it was our only hope.

On and on *Stardust* struggled, pitching and rolling. Finally, about 7pm, I caught a bright glow on the western horizon. It had to be Chicago. I sagged in relief. After six hours it looked like we'd make it. As we turned toward the city we reached calmer waters and Ed staggered out of the cabin, apologizing for his illness. I didn't have the heart to tell him I had the experience of my life. We made our way back up the Chicago River and tied *Stardust* safely at her dock.

But the storm wasn't through with us yet. Next day dawned bright and sunny. Ed decided to take his wife and children out for a ride on *Stardust*. I was happy to go along. When Ed started the engine there was a thump at the stern. We looked down to see a bare shaft. The propeller had fallen off!

...and after, still a delight to cruise on.





### The International Scene

Some shippers voiced concern that a major freight rate war might break out once again on the westbound leg of the Asia-Europe container traffic.

The International Transport Workers' Federation wants to extend the double pay zone for seafarers facing piracy risk from the Gulf of Aden to the Indian Ocean. If accepted, shippers would pay an additional \$120 million in wages each year.

Refusal by the Libyan government to approve use of chartered aircraft to evacuate Americans from Libya forced the US government to charter the high speed ferry *Maria Dolores*. But its master decided that bad weather meant keeping the vessel at its dock at Tripoli for two days before he transported 338 people, 183 of whom were Americans, to Malta. Meanwhile, the British frigate *HMS Cumberland* made two round trips to Malta with evacuees, and numerous aircraft, both chartered and military, lifted others, some from airstrips near remote oil fields.

In 2006, China imported its first LNG. Now it imports vastly larger amounts to fuel its growing industries and to help clean up its filthy environment. But do not be surprised if China becomes an LNG exporter. As the US has recently learned, shale deposits can carry natural gas and China's deposit are huge.

As this column is being written, damage from the Japanese earthquake, subsequent tsunamis, and nuclear power plant breakdowns is becoming obvious although the extents are still ill defined. But wasn't it fascinating to watch on TV as coasters and large fishing vessels were pushed inshore by the tsunamis!

### Thin Place and Hard Knocks

As usual, ships capsized or sank: At Sochi, a port city just north of Russia's border with the republic of Georgia on the Black Sea coast, bad weather broke a Tanzanian dry cargo vessel in two. The bow sank and the stern was driven ashore, where rescuers managed to save ten of the crew.

Off Chile, bad weather caused the long-liner *Faro de Hércules* to sink while on a hake fishing trip and only 38 of the crew of 42 were saved by other ships.

Ships also ran aground: Off Long Beach, California, are four artificial islands concealing oil production rigs. During a storm, the 624' bulkier *Ocean Sunrise* somehow drifted onto Island Freeman. The weather may have overwhelmed tugboats accompanying the vessel.

In Norway not far from Oslo, the Icelandic cargo ship *Godafoss* managed to run aground on a well charted reef in Norway's only marine natural reserve. Some oil spilled but the spill wasn't as damaging as first feared.

The vehicle carrier *Hoegh Seoul* ran aground on the outer River Weser, probably because of a rudder failure. The vessel was carrying a full load of vehicles and was refloated by the tugs *Bugsier 3*, *Bugsier 4*, *Bugsier 6*, and *Bremerhaven*.

In Indonesia, the cargo ship *Jutha Pathama*, carrying rape seed and castor seed extraction meal, ran aground near Duni island of Jamnagar's Marine National Park.

Ships collided: Outside Richards Bay in South Africa in a crowded anchorage, the 149,500dwt bulkier *Dong-A Rhea* ran across the anchor chain of the 26,300dwt bulkier *African Lion* and the anchor chain ended up

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

seriously wrapped around the bigger vessel's propeller. In spite of a strong current and 2.5-metre swells, divers managed to cut the chain free.

In the East China Sea, the cargo ship *Zheryuji #618*, carrying 500 tons of scrap steel, collided with another ship and capsized. Seven crew members went missing.

In the Karabiga anchorage in the Mamara region of Turkey, bad weather caused the container ship *Esther* to drag its anchor and it struck the far smaller bulkier *Celal Amca*, which was loaded with coal. Eventually, the container ship managed to heave up its anchor and move to another part of the anchorage. No leaks, water ingress, or pollution but probably lawyer talk and some bent steel.

Fires and explosions took a toll: At Manta in Ecuador, five firemen and a crewman were severely burned on the tuna seiner *Lautaro*. Welding was the probable cause of the explosion and fire.

Elsewhere, one man died and two others were injured by fire on the cargo ship *Shirvan* while it was docked at Baku, the capital and largest port of Azerbaijan. Again, violations of safety procedures while welding were reported as causing the explosion and fire.

Humans died: An employee of a Finnish refining company went missing from the oil tanker *Palva* during a routine trip in the North Sea and was presumed dead.

In Deira Creek, within the shadows of Dubai's skyscrapers, fires raked two dhows, one carrying 15 cars, textiles, and other material, and the other, highly inflammable materials. One sailor jumped into the water and was caught in a rotating propeller. "His body was cut into two when it was recovered," said one eyewitness.

Unusual things happened: High winds at Baltimore tore the 960' container ship *Atlantic Companion* from its berth and pushed it to a grounding across the channel. Four tugs quickly responded. Elsewhere in the harbor the same winds tore an 80' crane barge free and it drifted into the Coast Guard's base at Curtis Bay.

The container ship *Salmarine Nomazwe* was anchored off Cape Town when fire broke out in three of six containers containing charcoal. (Another report states that the fires started in coal while the ship was en route to Cape Town.) The ship returned to Duncan Dock where local firemen put out the fires.

### Gray Fleets

The US Navy's standards for morality and PC standards seem to be exceptionally high. The commanding officer and a female top warrant officer on the destroyer *USS Stout* were relieved of command. Their failure? They allowed some of the crew to act badly while in port. Eight of the *Stout's* sailors were dismissed for fraternization, being drunk, disorderly conduct, and violation of orders while in port.

And, several years ago, the then executive officer of the carrier *USS Enterprise* made and showed about two dozen raun-

chy movies for entertainment of the crew. As a result of an in-depth investigation of his expressions of concern for crew morale, the Navy is recommending letters of censure and other punishments for (hang on!) 40 officers (including six admirals) and enlisted men.

A quick study in contrasting perceptions of needs: The Royal Navy officially opened a new rehabilitation centre at HM Naval Base Devonport for Armed Forces personnel recovering from long term injuries and illnesses. About the same time, *HMS Ark Royal*, the former flagship of the fleet, was retired three years earlier than previously scheduled, a major casualty of the government's recent defense cuts.

### White Fleets

Repairs to the fire stricken giant cruise ship *Carnival Splendor* included installing two new generators and a new engine. The 220,000lb engine, intended for a sister ship still under construction in Italy, was flown to San Francisco in an Antonov AN-124, one of the world's largest cargo planes. The fire cost the owner about \$65 million in repairs and lost revenue.

At Akaroa in New Zealand, the *Pacific Sun* had a problem with one engine and making repairs was impossible at nearby Lyttelton (the port for earthquake stricken Christchurch). The ship bypassed two stops and returned to Australia at a slower speed, and passengers received A\$50 for each port skipped.

At the time of the 6.3 earthquake, the *Europa* was in port at Lyttelton and 57 of the crew and 267 passengers were on shore. Nobody was hurt. A Korean research ship, also in port, was also undamaged.

CMA CGM, the world's third largest container shipping line, now carries passengers in reasonable comfort or, depending on a person's tastes, even luxury, on its new 13,800teu containerships. A variety of voyages are offered, all at a standard rate of □100 a day.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

Two ex-Swedish ferries have started operating between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The chartered ships were shortened and heavily modified for the new service. Both have military names, *Highlanders* and *Blue Puttees*, the last commemorating The Royal Newfoundland Regiment. It served at Gallipoli in World War I and later the 780 men who went into the Battle of the Somme were reduced to 68 available for roll call the next day. When the Regiment was first formed, shortages forced the creation of puttees from blue cotton cloth rather than the olive drab material commonly used for the leg wrappings.

In the general vicinity of the Statue of Liberty, a man jumped off the Manhattan bound Staten Island ferry *John Noble* and the ferry's rescue boat (or a Coast Guard boat, according to another account) did its thing. The unconscious man, suffering from hypothermia and perhaps other problems, was taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation. Amusingly, one news item described the water that evening as "rigid," not "frigid."

In Australia, as a ferry approached the western end of Polmaise Reef on a voyage from the Great Barrier Reef's Heron Island, it was hit head on by three huge waves in succession. Passengers were flung out of

their seats and hit the ceiling. Two men suffered broken bones and a child received minor injuries.

And in Sydney, an East by West harbour ferry carrying 44 people, many school children, nosed into at least one wave that broke forward windows and flooded the cabin. One passenger was knocked overboard but was rescued. He and the master were taken to a hospital with suspected hypothermia. One of the school children had just moved to Wellington to escape the earthquake created devastation at Christchurch.

In the Philippines, the passenger vessel *Kinswell* caught fire while undergoing repair at Cebu City. Welding was probably responsible. The vessel had been plying the Cebu-Tubigon (Bohol) route before it went into preventive maintenance about two weeks earlier.

In Indonesia, the ferry *Balboa*, with 33 passengers and 27 six-wheeled and two-wheeled vehicles, ran into tropical storm *Carlos* while several miles at sea. After battling huge waves, the ferry ended up on rocks near Pantai Raru Rote harbor.

### Nature

NOAA released images of the Nantucket whaling ship *Two Brothers* that sank nearly 200 years ago on French Frigate Shoals near Hawaii. Master of the vessel was Nantucketer George Pollard, who had previously skippered the whaler *Essex* when it was rammed and sunk by a sperm whale (thus leading to Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*.) During the subsequent 95 days in a small boat, starving crew members resorted to cannibalism and Pollard ate his own cousin. After returning to Nantucket from the wreck on French Frigate Shoals, Pollard never went to sea again and ended up as a night watchman.

Searches for possible oil and gas in the Chukchi and Beaufort Seas are also finding commercial quantities of Pacific cod, walleye pollock, and other fishes.

Japan suspended whaling in the Antarctic, at least for a time, but Sea Shepherd's *Steve Irwin* found work in the search for the vanished Norwegian yacht *Beserk*.

On the upper side of the globe, the Canadian Coast Guard's *Leonard J. Cowley* escorted Greenpeace's *Arctic Sunrise* from sea into St Johns after it radioed that it had suffered damage in a hold when a container broke free in 11-metre seas some 530 kilometres south of Cape Race.

Recovery from the damage done by Category 5 Cyclone *Yasi* to Australia's Great Barrier Reef may take decades. Winds of up to 177 miles per hour were one villain.

### Metal-Bashing

The Chilean earthquake of February, 2010 inadvertently launched the sizable research vessel *Cabo de Hornos* before it could be christened and launched the next day. The tsunami then washed it back onto soft land. Recently a salvage firm dug out the sand, hardened it into a roadway, and used multi-wheeled transporters to carry the vessel onto a 300' deck barge. The barge was then towed to a drydock, which was submerged, allowing the *Cabo de Hornos* to float free.

The members of Maersk's new Triple E-class (Economy of scale, Energy efficient, Environmentally improved) super large container ships will be delivered between 2013 and 2014 and each will carry a record 18,000 teu in 23 rows across. The ships will be distinguishable by size and their sepa-

rated engine and bridge superstructures. At 400m, they will be also the longest ships in the world now that former title holder, the 458.45m ULCC tanker *Knock Nevis*, has been scrapped. Other length competitors are the very large ore carrier *Berge Stahl* at 328m, the cruise ship *Allure of the Seas* at 361m, the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise* 341m, and the very large ore carriers being built for Vale at 360m. But a Triple-E, at a deadweight of 165,000 tons, will be out-hefted by the ore carriers. Each Triple-E will be crewed by only 19 people, will have a top speed of 23 knots, and might have cost \$160 million each but the added specifications raised their price to \$190 million.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Although warships from 23 nations are on anti-piracy work in the Gulf of Aden and Indian Ocean, results have been less than possible due to memberships in differing organizations operating in accordance with differing policies. The pirates are equally diverse and seem to fall into four groups controlled by warlords. Most groups are strongly military in nature and one is even headed by a "fleet admiral." By the way, most of the ransom money ends up abroad.

The anti-pirate warfare has been escalating, sometimes with good results, sometimes not. The oil tanker *Guanabara* was seized 328 nautical miles southeast of Duqm, Oman. As four pirates boarded the ship, the crew of 24 took refuge in the vessel's citadel and sent out a distress call. The destroyer *USS Bulkeley*, backed by the Turkish NATO frigate *TCG Giresun*, was dispatched and its specialist boarding team climbed aboard the *Guanabara* and, without exchange of fire, detained the pirates.

But sometimes results were less than successful. Pirates captured the American sail yacht *Quest* with four Americans on board. An entire carrier strike force (the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise*, guided missile cruiser *USS Leyte Gulf*, and guided missile destroyers *USS Sterrett* and *USS Buckley*) responded and started a radio dialog with the pirates. Two pirates even boarded the *Sterrett* to negotiate. Then someone on the yacht fired a rocket propelled grenade at the *Sterrett* and gunfire was heard inside the yacht. Several pirates appeared on deck and moved to the bow, hands in the air. A special forces boarding party found the four Americans shot dead and, in the process of clearing the yacht, two more pirates died, one by knife and the other by pistol. The rest of the 19 pirates were taken prisoners. The couple owning the *Quest* operated a Bible ministry and distributed Bibles. It is not known whether these facts had anything to do with their executions.

Yachties of all nationalities are sailing around the world and a large number (perhaps 100) want to cross the waters in which the Somali pirates operate. The yachties are organized enough (via SSB radio and the internet, etc) that they are prepared to sail in a flotilla, but the Royal Navy says it doesn't have the resources for an escort across the Indian Ocean for those indulging in "unnecessary sailing." A Dutch spokesman for the yachties said, "We are not simply cruising around irresponsibly. We are caught on the wrong side of an ever-changing and expanding problem." However, circumnavigating sailors tend to be very conscious of the piracy threat and do their very best to take suitable

precautions. These sailors may have hoped for an armed escort leading to an easy access to the Mediterranean because the alternative is a hard slog thousands of miles south to the Cape of Good Hope.

For a third time, pirates targeted the container ship *Maersk Alabama*. An embarked security team fired warning shots and four suspected pirates in a skiff with a hook ladder bugged out. In April 2009, pirates held the master for days in one of the ship's lifeboats. Navy snipers killed the captors and arrested one of the pirates. He was recently sentenced to more than 30 years in a US prison.

All piracy isn't in the Mideast. Include Bangladesh, Malacca Strait, Malaysia, the South China Sea, Vietnam, Cameroon, Brazil, and Peru. And add the Gulf of Guinea on the west side of Africa, an area where piracy isn't quite as sophisticated as elsewhere. There, 14 pirates boarded the chemical tanker *Panega* off the coast of Benin. They ordered the master to sail the tanker to Gabon in order to offload the cargo. After several failed attempts near Gabon, Warri, and Lagos in Nigeria, the pirates settled for stealing the crew members' personal belongings and then took the master and two engineers ashore with them while the tanker was left adrift. The three crewmembers later returned to the ship.

In a separate incident, three pirates approached a chemical tanker at anchor off Lagos. They fired their weapons in the air and demanded the gangway to be lowered. The master refused and moved the vessel from the anchorage.

### Odd Bits

The crew of a tug at Lyttelton, New Zealand, was routinely steaming between the knolls at the mouth of the harbour when the recent earthquake struck. The tremors caused them to think debris was caught in both nozzles of the tug's azimuthing drives and then the engines went into emergency shutdown! Noting that shore objects were suffering damage, the crew restarted the engines and resumed the job. The port suffered remarkably little damage in spite of being directly above the shallow epicenter of the 6.3-magnitude earthquake, and was partly operational in a day or two. However, no cruise ships or container vessels will be able to use the port this year.

At Portsmouth, Virginia, the converted tanker, crane carrying *Zhen Hua 24* had unloaded two towering container cranes and was pulling away from the pier when one of the cranes still on board clipped one of the offloaded cranes and knocked it off its tracks. The ship was arrested and the pier company sued for \$14.65 million in damages.

In Antarctic waters, the 48' Norwegian steel sailboat *Beserk* dropped off two crewmen onto the ice shelf, who, using quad bike ATVs, made a dash for the Pole to commemorate the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Amundsen's reaching the South Pole. Soon after, the *Beserk* was not to be found and its EPIRB apparently had deployed. The Sea Shepherd's anti-whaling vessel *Steve Irwin* searched and found an inflated but unused life raft from the yacht so it and its three crewmen were presumed to have been lost. Other searching vessels included New Zealand's newest off-shore patrol vessel, *HMNZS Wellington*, and the passenger carrying Russian scientific vessel *Professor Kromov*.

# Boatbuilding with Burnham

## Pinky Schooner *Ardella* Takes Shape

From Burnham Blogsite  
Photos by Dan Togyne

February 27

### Still Winter as Planking Proceeds

Yesterday (Saturday) was a good day in the shipyard with nearly eight strakes completed, meaning Harold can confidently say that planking is very much at the halfway point. The first plank went on the *Ardelle* on January 25, and as March is about to arrive it may be safe to say that planking could be finished by the first day of spring, here's hoping! There have been some more great shipwrights coming by to help, especially on Saturday, and we thank you all for your great work!



Cotton and oakum are used in caulking.



Chuck Burnham marked where the caulking is complete.

Planking underway, the ladder enables the shipwrights to climb in and work on trunnels and wedges.



Spring seems to have arrived at the Burnham Boatyard.



Clamps, lotsa clamps.!

Zach steers a plank toward the steam box.

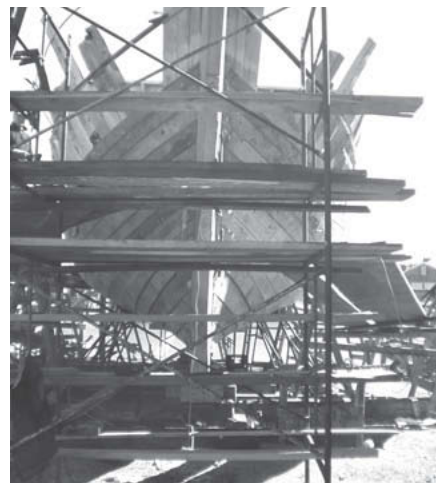


## March 28 Spring Arrives (Sorta) Planking Goes On

By Bob Hicks

With a bright sun shining and the snow finally melted away, I decided to drive over to Essex to see how *Ardelle* was doing. Harold was still busy planking, with 14 courses now up the frames, with another plank just about ready to go on, so I stuck around to watch (and photograph) the procedure.

Bow view, nice hull shaping up behind all the scaffolding.





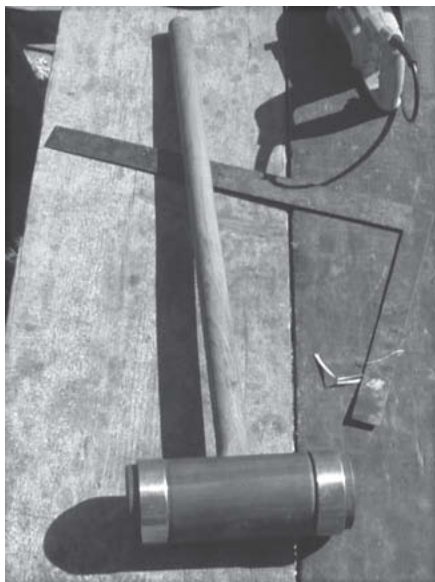


Feeding the steambox boiler with 8' logs, as the ends burn off inside the rest get shoved on in.



Interior framing of the stern. Xmas tree still sits boldly atop the stern stem (she's a double ender).

Trunnel driving maul.

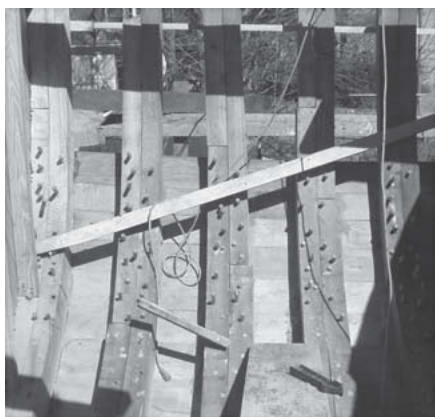


Interior bulkhead required by USCG, ladder shows scale.



Lonesome untrimmed trunnel seemingly left behind.

Inside ends of trunnels awaiting trimming.



Getting on the next plank. From the top: Carrying steaming hot plank up on the staging and lining it up. Holding down springy outer end while other end is fastened to frame. Harold checks alignment as plank is bent on. Final jacking of plank into place, edge setting it against abutting lower plank. Jack's leverage is bolstered by sledgehammer blows.







25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

## George Kelley's Old Boat Shop

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

At last the romanticism with which I earlier approached this old wooden boats life has been rewarded. I have been to a real old wooden boat shop at the water's edge owned by a man who uses it just to build his own boats in. George Kelley of Hyannis, MA, is living this dream so many old wooden boat people have dreamed. George is retired, has been for a dozen years, but at only 62 years, still has plenty of time left to indulge in this real life fantasy. All because he got it all started 30 years ago, long before many of us became enamored of old wooden boats.

George's shop is a gem, a wooden frame building he built on a harborfront vacant lot in Hyannis, now covered with the gray patina the salt air creates on cedar shingles, surrounded by thickets of the original puckerbrush that covered these shores at one time, supplemented by an adjacent shed in which his blacksmith forge resides, and facing the water across a sandy beach area where two rather large wooden boats George built await spring launching. Inside the clutter of 30 years of boatbuilding for fun, every tool George ever used, every bit of gear, hardware, useful hardwood left over from prior projects. Hardly room to build. In the corner an oil drum woodstove supplemented by a coal fired hot-water stove and attached old radiator. From inside one looks out at the harbor through several large old storm windows framed into the original doorway through which the larger boats passed on the way to their first launchings.

This winter George has no building projects going. He's catching up on all the bits of maintenance, varnishing oars, painting an anchor, that kind of thing. Overhead hang his small boats, two Rushton double paddle canoes, one larger than the other, a Herreshoff double paddle canoe,

and way up over them under the peak, a heavy lapstrake outboard skiff. George sits unconcerned beneath these Damoclean swords puffing on his pipe and allowing as how life here aint too bad at all.

After George married back in the '50's, he and his wife bought a building lot in this just developing area a mile from downtown Hyannis. The lot was back on higher ground with a nice view of the harbor. There they built the home in which they still live. Down on the shore, the land was vacant and wild, held by nearby well-to-do people in no need to sell it off. George eyed this land and approached the lady about buying a piece on which to keep his boats. "She wasn't interested in selling," George explains, "but she did say it seemed rather appropriate to have boats on that shore, so I could just go ahead and keep my boats there with her blessing!" So he did.

In a few years the lady died, and soon after George was approached by lawyers who had learned he was interested in buying some of this waterfront. Yes he still was, and a sale was made, George bought two adjacent lots in the now subdivided property (the heirs were cashing it all in) for \$5,000 each. "\$10,000 worth of land on top of my home mortgage was more than I could handle," George says, "so I sold off a half-lot to the adjacent buyer and the \$7,500 was what I could carry." Then he went to the town planning board to get a permit to build his boatshop.

Well, he couldn't build a boatshop there. He was directed to the appeals board to get a variance to the code which restricted building in that area of town to dwellings. "Nope, they wouldn't let me build my boatshop either," George tells it. "Apparently they were afraid of being sued like a neighboring town's appeals board had been over

a similar variance." George was discouraged, he already had a home and only wanted a boatshop. "Then one of the fellows on that board told me, of course, it'd be alright if I were to build boats in any dwelling I put there."

George determined that the zoning described a dwelling as a place with eating, sleeping and indoor bathroom facilities. So the "cottage" was built. Today, if you phone George, his wife is likely to tell you that George is over at the "cottage". Upstairs over the rear of the shop is a small enclosed loft within which is a bed, a toilet and sink and a kitchen counter with a stove. "I own the only mahogany topped oven in Hyannis," George chuckles. He never uses the dwelling part. It's downstairs where the action is.

George has had boats all his life, and the two now outside and the three small ones inside are his current fleet. Actually, the 29' ketch out at water's edge is no longer his, he sold it a while back to friend, John Burke. Burke has moved to Maine where he runs the Maine Maritime Museum shipyard and apprentice program. "John has dozen boats to sail now, he doesn't need this one," says George. So it's for sale for a negotiable \$10-12,000. George built it in 1970 to his own design.

George was a close friend to Pete Culler for 30 years, and when he decided to build that ketch, he asked Pete to help him design it. Pete said no. "While I tried to frame my response to that flat refusal," George tells it, "Pete went on and told me I could do it myself, didn't need his help. So I did." It was quite a lot of boat for George to sail alone on his usual cruises to the Vineyard and Nantucket and he gradually became enamored of the idea of a traditional sort of motor driven boat. George does most of his boating alone sim-





Top left: Looking back at George's shop from his dock, boat at left is 29' sharpie George built in 1970. Top right: George does his blacksmithing in this separate shed. He did the sign too. Lower left: Comfortable clutter in the shop, everything he ever needed is still here. Lower right: The view toward the water, FIREFLY awaits springtime.

ply because he goes when the spirit moves him and most of the people he would have along are gainfully employed.

George retired at age 50 or thereabouts when he and his brother were offered a deal they couldn't refuse for the insurance business they had inherited from their father. "My father used to get up at 5 a.m. every day because from then to 6 was the only time he had to think," George explains. "He'd go on out then all day and evening trying to build up that business into the biggest and best. He dropped dead at 58!" George absorbed that lesson and when that offer came, off to the "cottage".

Well, George went ahead and designed FIREFLY along the lines of a fishing dragger, a 26 footer that looks very much the real thing scaled down. Except that he made the pilothouse human scale for comfort. He's a traditionalist but not a masochist and FIREFLY is comfortable and easy to use. "I get a lot of questions about that outboard (in a well) instead of a more "appropriate" deisel," George comments, "but an outboard today, bought new, is like a car engine, troublefree and easy to use." George feels deisels are more troublesome to maintain,

certainly more expensive to buy, and too noisy. "I had FIREFLY over to Martha's Vineyard and the usual folks rowing around the harbor looked her over, when they headed away I heard them say it was a Pete Culler design." Same thing he'd heard when he'd been there in the past in the ketch. Neither were, in fact, Culler was dead when George undertook FIREFLY.

"George, what do you think Pete would feel about the deification of him today by wooden boat believers?" I asked him. "Well, old Pete is probably up there chuckling to himself about all the fuss," George replied. George says Pete Culler was damned smart, clever, well versed in boat design and building, but not the sort who wanted ever to bask in that sort of public adulation. "Pete knew what he knew and that was good enough for him," George concluded.

Well, nobody will ever devote detailed attention to George Kelley's old boatshop as a shrine as did WOODEN BOAT a few years ago with Culler's shop. But to me it is just right for the man, a place he built himself long ago and has enjoyed using just about daily ever since. He's not at all concerned about its present day value as

choice waterfront property, he knows it's worth plenty. "Yes, I've been offered big money for this lot (now entirely surrounded by upscale waterfront homes) but what good would all that be to me in a bank?" George comments. "Hell, it's gaining in value faster than the money would anyway, and besides I can come here and work on my boats whenever I want."

The next boat may be a larger version of FIREFLY. At 26' the dragger has a bit of a time of it in stronger winds and George figures another 6 feet of length would deal with that. He hasn't started yet, though, still contemplating the idea. "It'd take me another 3 years to build it," George estimates, "and being the age I'm getting to be, I don't know if I'd even get it done in that time." There's no hurry to decide.

George had to leave for a meeting of one of the local civic groups to which he devotes much attention, and as we departed, I looked back down at that weathered old shop and the boats beyond at water's edge, a real honest-to-goodness "old boatshop". It fit right into its surroundings and would patiently await his return as it has for so long. A dream.





Bryan Boatbuilding specializes in the custom design and building of sailboats and low powered engine driven craft. We sometimes think this focus is forgotten because of the varied nature of our activities. We are especially proud of the launches built over the last few years where we have worked with owners whose priorities were fuel-efficient boats. We become more and more committed to the displacement hull and its quiet, comfortable, fuel sipping nature.

In the small shop we are building Fiddlehead canoes, while in the larger space we are decking a custom designed 20' centerboard sloop. Although we never stray far from traditional construction, this sloop confirms the pleasure of working with cedar, white oak, bronze, shellac, bedding compound, linseed oil, turpentine, and pine tar.

Speaking of pine tar, have you noticed that at least one common brand on the market doesn't smell good at all? I realize that smell is subjective, but I hope heaven smells like the tar sold by Kirby Paint. We paint our boats in part to make them look good. What is wrong with painting them, in part, to have them smell good?

Our shop is still off the grid. We have recently upgraded to a 2,000 watt inverter. This allows us to run any small and medium sized electric tools on our solar and wind powered system. One advantage is sawing planks to shape. Until now we sawed planks out with our large band saw, powering it with a diesel engine. We can now use a small table saw for this work, the power for which comes from sun or wind.

Hand tool wall.



These small improvements in efficiency are what keep us going around here (as well as customers who want boats built with these goals in mind).

When you buy a boat from Bryan Boatbuilding you not only get a fine quality boat but you support a tradition of hand tool use and a way of life which we feel leads to a better world.

When choosing a boat many people look only at the end result and make a decision based on its colour, details, and promised performance. Choosing a boat involves much more than this. A boat that is used for a simple, quiet afternoon of sailing or paddling is often made largely of petrochemicals produced by large industries. Its manufacturers work in disposable coveralls and wear protective gear to alleviate the toxic effects of their work environment. Many of the small independent companies that originated the designs have been bought by larger companies and the workers have been laid off or moved to larger centres.

At Bryan Boatbuilding we believe in small independent businesses, using locally produced materials as much as possible. We harvest and saw a large part of our cedar near our home in southwestern New Brunswick. Our oak is bought from a family mill in Massachusetts. We use a minimum of power tools in order to create a quiet and clean working environment. A band saw and thickness planer, powered by an engine fueled with waste vegetable oil, do the initial shaping of rough lumber. Thereafter, parts are shaped by solar and wind powered tools, human powered machinery, and traditional hand tools.

We feel that all of our potential customers are hoping, with the purchase of a new boat, to enjoy a quiet alternative to the hectic schedule of their daily lives. With the selection of a Bryan boat you show that you support small business dedicated to quality and that you have an understanding of quality and an environmental awareness that goes beyond your recreational hours.

To see in more detail what we have to offer go to the following websites:

Plans for ten of our own designs for home building at: <http://www.harrybryan.com/harrybryan/plans.html>

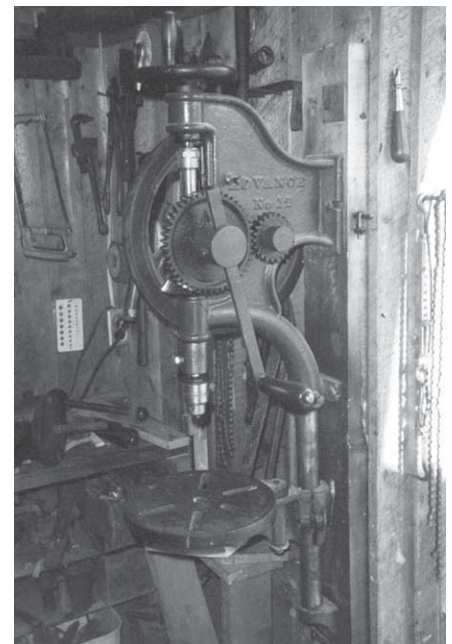
Descriptions for ten of our own designs we build to order at: <http://harrybryan.com/harrybryan/boats.html>

We also encourage you to peruse Top-sail Canvas products manufactured with the same attention to detail and kindness to the environment by Martha Bryan.



Dory skiff under construction.

Handcrank drill press.



## Shantyboat

This design was created for our own dream, a dream we have by no means abandoned but have only set aside for a while. We imagine an early spring day on the coast of the Carolinas or fall on the Chesapeake with the woodstove going, a good book for gray days, and a double paddle canoe ready when the sun shines.

### Particulars

LOA 20'  
Beam 10'3"

### Description

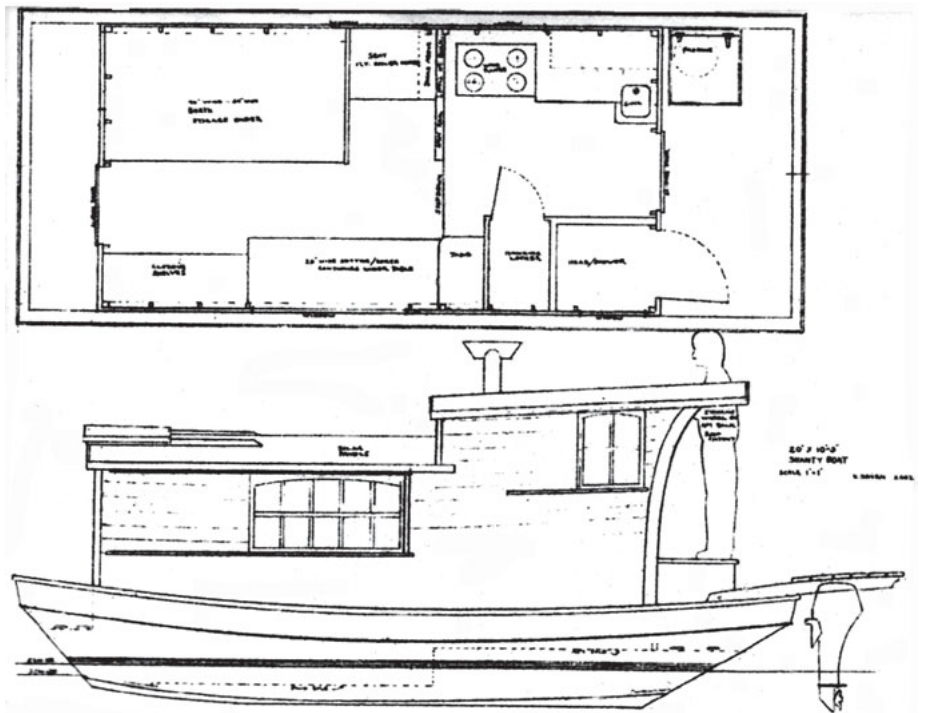
Hull type: Flat bottomed scow  
Construction: Two layer glued cedar hull  
clapboard sides, plywood roof  
Intended capacity: Double berth and single  
settee/berth  
Propulsion: 8-20hp 4-stroke outboard

### Building Data

Skill needed: Basic to intermediate  
Lofting required: Minimal  
Alternative construction: Plywood

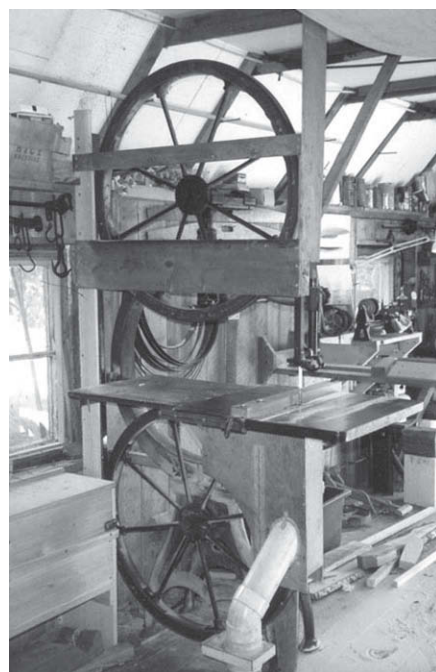
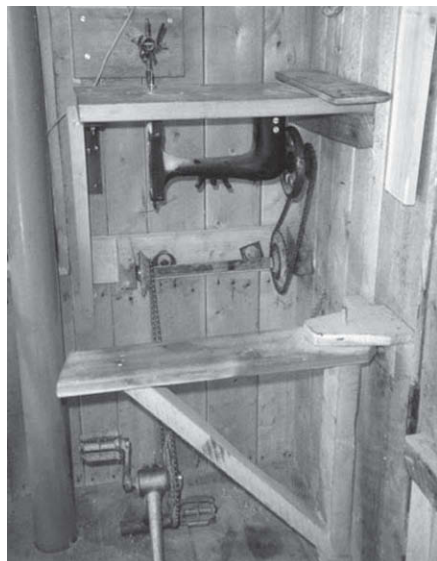
### Plans Description

Plans are minimal and consist of two  
24"x24" sheets



Metal lathe, solar electric powered. Orville Wright made bicycle parts on the same model.

Bicycle powered sewing machine jigsaw.



Diesel powered bandsaw (wooden wheels from late 1800s).

## Global Warming and the Planing Powerboat

The time has come to give up the planing powerboat. For the last several years awareness has been growing of an impending environmental crisis as well as threats to world security due to excessive burning of fossil fuels. We have known for sometime that transportation consumes a large part of this fuel. This awareness focuses on land transportation in which we have little choice whether or not to participate. While we can

hope for a quick shift to mass transportation, today's reality is that we need our vehicles for shopping, commuting to work, and most of the functions of life outside our homes.

Powerboat use is discretionary. If we can easily achieve 30mpg for automobiles, how can we accept that the vast majority of powerboats get only 1-3mpg? A current boat advertisement asks us to celebrate the fact that their boat gets 3mpg. Recent issues of boating magazines feature a 29' boat with 575hp, a 38-footer with twin 440hp engines, and another which will consume over 50 gallons of fuel an hour at speed. The ubiquitous 75-100hp deep-V run-about will get 2mpg at best.

The problem is making boats plane. It is actually quite efficient to move boats through the water as long as we don't push the limits of displacement speed. Planing involves forcing a boat up and over its bow wave and lifting it onto the surface where it can skim. It is unfortunate that the designs that are most efficient at planing are usually the least efficient at displacement (non-planing) speeds.

Many years ago it was discovered that by keeping weight down and adding power we could make a boat plane. As power has continued to increase, we have come to regard planing speeds as the norm. When we talk of modest speed, we think of 12-15kts. But that is still planing. To achieve a meaningful increase of efficiency in recreational power boating (in the length of vessel most of us can afford) 6kts will be our top end. The only thing we give up is high speed. At displacement speeds we can easily increase our miles per gallon by a factor of 4 or 5, and it is possible to achieve 10 times the present average. Our boat will be just as seaworthy, if not more so. It will be much more comfortable to use as well as considerably cheaper to buy and operate.

The greatest incentive to switch to displacement powerboats is that we have no choice. Burning large amounts of fuel for pleasure, especially when we have the opportunity to do otherwise, is no longer an option.



For those of us who live where news from Canada is not a common occurrence, here is some news about the schooner *Bluenose II* and its long awaited haulout for rebuild. Or is it a restoration? Would it still be a replica? Would it then be a replica of a replica?

The original *Bluenose*, loaded with bananas, was caught on a reef and sank off the coast of Haiti on January 28, 1946. There was some controversy about the sinking and if it was intentional. This rebuild project does not come without a bit of controversy as well, both political and otherwise.

The powers that be in Canada and Nova Scotia, along with the public, have been for several years "discussing" what to do about the declining condition of their beloved *Bluenose II*, an icon of Canada and its maritime tradition and history.

The project was officially begun on July 5, 2010, when *Bluenose II* was moved from her berth at the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic to the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Wharf. The reconstruction, with an estimated cost of \$15 million (US and Canadian dollars are at or near par), will be done by the Lunenburg Shipyard Alliance. This alliance is a co-op of Snyder's Shipyard of Dayspring, Covey Island Boat Works and Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering. One-and-a-half million dollars is to be used to upgrade some of the shipbuilding infrastructure at the Lunenburg waterfront.

More than 50% of *Bluenose II* has been removed, put through a wood chipper, and sent to a landfill. This is one aspect of the controversy. Many wanted to have this material made available to the public to be purchased as souvenirs to help defray some of the rebuilding cost. The reason for it going

## Bluenose II Reduced to Chips!

By Greg Grundtisch

to the landfill is that the material is said to be contaminated with various wood preservatives, diesel fuel, glues, etc. There is to be some material that will eventually be sold for souvenirs at some point in the future.

Another aspect of the controversy is that *Bluenose II* has had well over half of her removed and replaced, including all of the hull planking and frames. Does this not make her a new vessel or a new replica as *Bluenose II* was a replica of the original? The *Bluenose* Preservation Trust and the government of Canada own the rights to the name *Bluenose*, *Bluenose II*, and *Bluenose III*. Why so, one would wonder?

There is also a private organization (Queen of the North Atlantic LLC) that had plans to raise private funds to build another vessel, the *Bluenose IV*, but they were denied permission to use the name *Bluenose III*. Their idea was to have *Bluenose II* as a stationary museum exhibit at the Fisheries Museum and build a new boat for the same cost and very possibly for less than the rebuild. This group was headed by some of the relatives of the original designer. It appears that they are no longer in pursuit of that plan.

The rebuild is on schedule, on budget, and is being done in four phases. The first phase was to deconstruct the vessel. The second is to reconstruct the ship's hull. This is being done very close to where the original *Bluenose* was built. The third phase is to re-

launch and finish out, and the fourth is to re-rig the vessel as well as conduct sea trials. This final phase of the project is scheduled to be completed in April 2012.

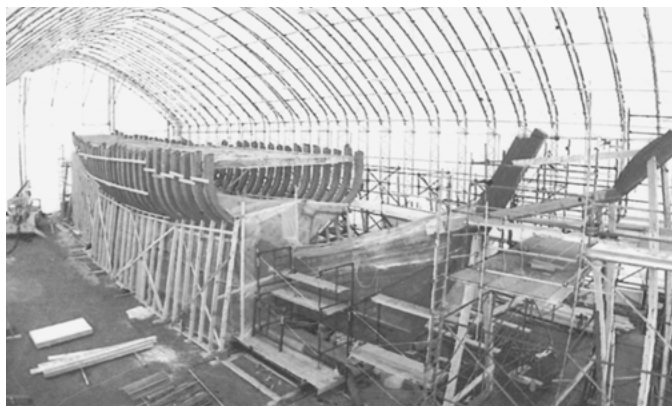
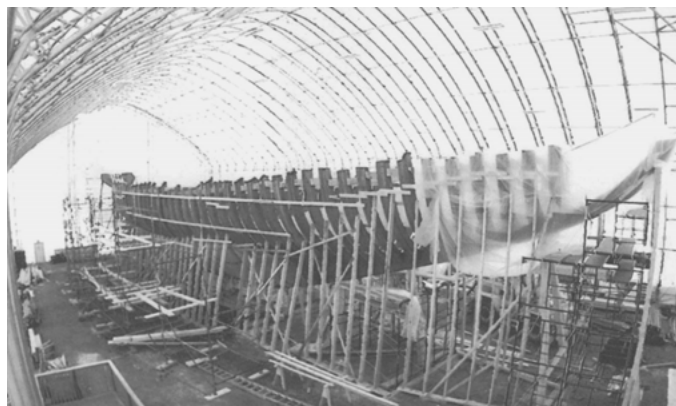
As the project moves along progress can be viewed via a webcam that has been installed inside the temporary building shed. There are also several web sites that describe some of the early discussions and decisions about *Bluenose II* and the very beginning stages of the project. There is also information about how the project managers and finances, along with the building plan, were all put together.

Googling *Bluenose II* or *Bluenose II* webcam, will reveal a myriad of options. There are also very good websites at southshorenova.ca and *Bluenose*.cbc.ca, which is the Canadian Broadcasting site.

There have been many books and articles written about *Bluenose* and *Bluenose II* and a search on your favorite book supplier website will find you many. A couple of my favorites are *Bluenose and Bluenose II* by R. Keith McLaren, and *Schooner Bluenose and Bluenose II* by Donald Cameron. Both have some very good vintage photos of both vessels. There is also a book of beautiful drawings entitled *Bluenose II, Saga of the Great Fishing Schooners* by L.B. Jensen. Very impressive drawings of any and all aspects of the vessel, the interior and exterior, and every part and piece of ship.

A book entitled *World War II Adventures of Canada's Bluenose* by Andrew Higgins and Jesse Spalding III details the schooner's decline as Capt Angus Walters tries to save her, is forced to sell her, what became of her, and finally an accurate description of her demise.

Happy sails!





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# What It'll Look Like?

(When Finished)

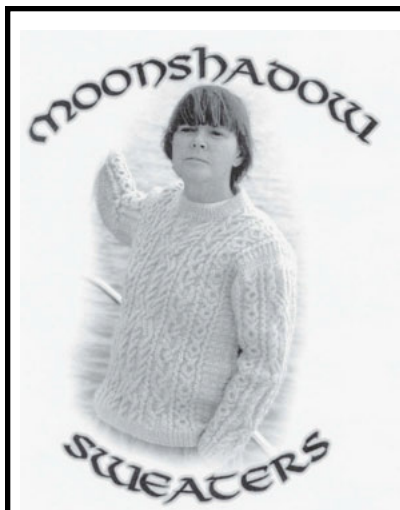
By Dan Rogers


## Prologue

Last June I reported on how I succumbed to the allure (or was it the price?) of a derelict 17' Glasspar Seafair fiberglass outboard and how I undertook to restore this, a motorboat yet! ("But Ma, It Just Followed Me Home"). I've been hard at work on it since.

## About Nine Months Later

Now I gotta figure out how to finish the woodwork. God only knows what it will look like when "finished." Big John and Mr Nissan are "hanging around" out in the garage, waiting for the transom to be made even more hell for stout. But she's beginning to look like a boat.





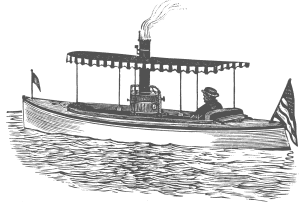
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## Four Vignettes From the Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hours Club

By Dave Lucas

Here's something we don't often see, a real Beetle Cat. I don't know where he got it but Bill Sloan has an old broken one that he fixed up with the help of a skilled little person, if she's like mine she's smarter than he is. I've never seen a Beetle outside of a museum, however I do have lots of experience with their fantastic sails.



Surf's up. Give three fabulous boat builders a challenge and we'll whip out a world class 20' surf boat in two months. Or maybe it was "you burned up my boat and I need another one fast," not sure which.

This is a kayak that's been giving Stan problems forever, he's tried to do fun things with it but it wouldn't cooperate so he got out the recip saw, cut it up, and burned it.

Here's two views that I love: The shop at night and the tiki hut at night with red rope lights below and white in the top and a fire in the stove. I spend a lot of time out there.







# A Visit to the John Gardner TSCA Boat Shop

From the Editors of  
*The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the  
Delaware River TSCA

John Gardnar TSCA Boat  
Shop at Avery Point, Groton ,  
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George Spragg,  
our tour guide



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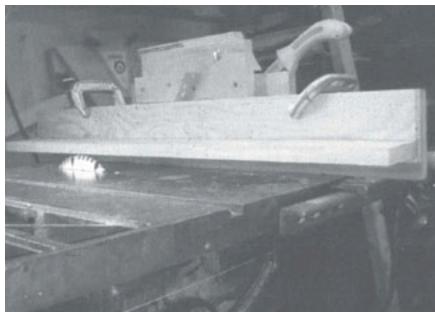


Recently, here in the canoe shop, we had a canoe made by an unknown builder in for some rehabilitation work. One item on the to do list was to make the decks look like new. Rather than waste time on the weathered and split ones that it came in with, we decided to make new ones. To make the new ones is not a big deal, just trace the pattern on some new wood and start cutting. On this canoe the decks were flat with no crown or curve to them.

We wanted the grain of the wood to look nice so it soon became apparent that the edges of the new decks were not going to be parallel with the sides of the boards that I would be cutting them out of, we needed some quick way to make straight cuts and couldn't use the table saw fence as a guide. Using the band saw was an option, but the band saw just doesn't make a sharp, straight cut like the table saw does. The edge would require a trip through the jointer or some time with a hand plane to clean up the saw cut.

The solution came from the television set. We were watching the new woodworking show on Channel 2, "Rough Cut," with Tommy Mac, and they had a segment on using an "L-Fence" with the table saw. This was the perfect answer for the problem at hand and it was so simple and easy that I felt I should share it.

The "L-Fence" takes only a few minutes to make, just two pieces of 1"x4" stock joined at a right angle. We chose to run a dado down one of the pieces to lock the second piece in place, a couple of screws and some glue holds everything together.



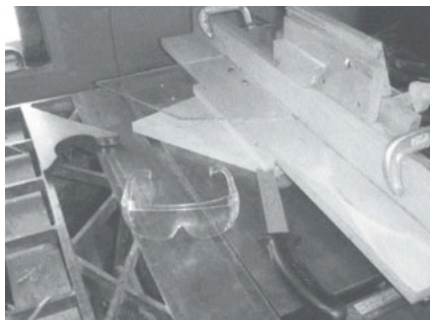
Here is the basic "L-Fence" clamped to the regular fence on the table saw. I chose red oak for mine, but, any wood will do.

The "L-Fence" is clamped to the regular table saw fence with adequate clearance for the work at hand to pass beneath it. The fence is positioned so the left side of the saw blade is exactly in line with the outside edge of the "L-Fence." The blade is raised to a point just below the "L-Fence." A little adjustment is usually required to get the saw cut precisely in line with the edge of the "L-Fence;" plan on practicing with some scrap before making finish cuts. When the work is passed through the saw blade the waste, or scrap, is left on the table under the "L-Fence." Be sure to switch off the saw, wait for the blade to stop and then use a stick to remove the waste. Never get fingers anywhere near the saw blade!



## Jigs and Fixtures for the Canoe Shop

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey



Safety first in the workshop! A 1/4" sheet of Lexan® makes a good blade guard. In addition, always use a push stick and don't forget the safety glasses.



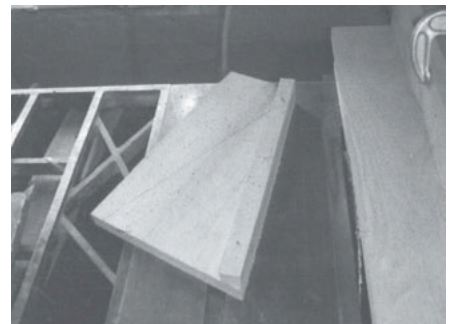
Here is the old deck being used as the pattern for the replacement. At this time all we need are lines for the two sides of the deck.

The photo shows how we may want to align the deck with the grain of the wood for a nice appearance. Any way it fits on the board is fine; the "L-Fence" will take care of it. Because we are going to drive a pair of small finishing nails into the new wood it is important that we work on the bottom side of the new deck! The holes could be avoided by using some double sided sticky tape, but, I have not tried this.



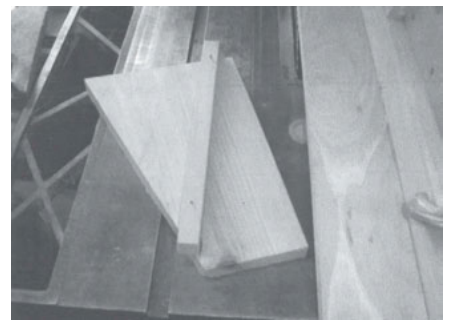
A small strip of wood is tacked right on the line that will be the edge of the deck.

To guide the new deck through the saw a small strip of wood is tacked to the new wood right along the first side to be cut. The small strip will slide right along the "L-Fence" and the cut will be exactly on the line. If the waste that is to be cut off is excessive, a little trimming may be necessary. So far we have not measured anything nor worried about any angles. If the original deck had been cut with a bevel we would have changed the blade angle on the table saw. This deck has straight sides so the usual 90° cut is just right.



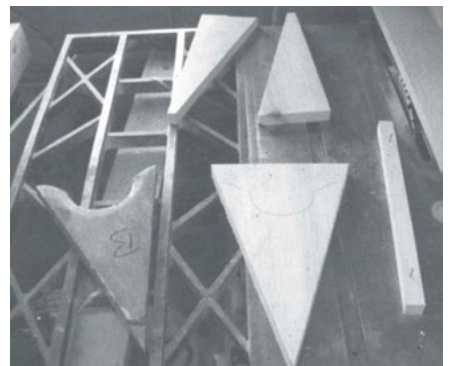
The first cut has been made, exactly on the line.

After the first cut has been made, the small strip is removed and re-attached to the other side of the new deck and we are ready for the second cut.



The wood strip has been relocated to the other side for the second cut.

The second cut is made just as the first one was, sliding the guide strip along the "L-Fence."



Both side cuts have been made and the pattern for the end cut has been drawn.

Now both sides of the deck have been cut to the pattern and the end cuts need to be made using the band saw and the drum sander. The easiest way to make the rounded lower edge is to use the router table. I have a router fixture to finish off the end cuts, but, not to this pattern. For a one-time operation it didn't warrant the time to make a new template.

This "L-Fence" can be used any time that there's a need to make a straight cut that is not parallel to the edge of the board, such as a taper, or when cleaning up an edge on a rough sawn board. Make one for your table saw and have some fun with it.

(Rough Cut with Tommy Mac can be seen on WGBH-TV, Channel 2 in Boston, on Saturdays at 4:30pm.

The Eagle Project, with Ray Drueke leading the way, has made unbelievable progress on the Old Town Charles River canoe that is being restored at the Herreshoff Museum, in Bristol, Rhode Island. Eagle Scout Manny Melo has jumped into the program and has taken a real interest in the canoe. He has stripped the exte-



The PVC steam box produced enough heat for the bending job. Here Manny tests a piece of cedar to see if it is flexible after 30 minutes in the steam.

Manny gets a little help with the rib installation.



## The Eagle Project

Report by Steve Lapey  
Photos by Ray Drueke

rior covering from the hull; it had been covered with Dacron and some sort of unknown resin. Fortunately, the Dacron came off with the application of a little heat exposing the western red cedar planking. The interior has been stripped of its many coats of varnish and the ribs and planking have been sanded.

On a recent Saturday, Ray and Manny were joined by Ray Levesque and John and Alec Fiske for a rib bending session. Together they installed the first group of replacement ribs getting most of them done with one try, only one new rib cracked and had to be re-done. The report that I got on this was that the piece of wood that the rib blank had been made from had a hidden flaw in it and it would have cracked whoever was doing the bending. In addition to the rib replacement, the canoe needed a repair to one of the inwales which has been done with sitka spruce and epoxy glue.

I understand that the hull will be ready to re-varnish soon and within the next few weeks the new canvas will be ready to go on.


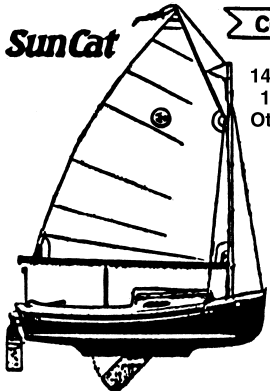
Ray Drueke has been good enough to share with us some photos of the Eagle Project:



Manny bends a rib directly into the hull. Since there were several ribs to be replaced adjacent to each other a batten was secured to the outside of the hull to prevent bulging.

The hull with the new ribs in place and the inwale patch glued and clamped.




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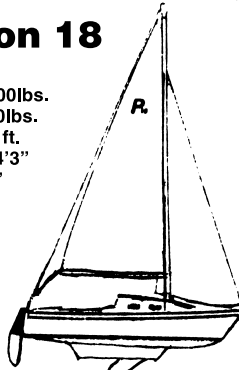
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Boy, it's nice to be back in the boat building mode. There was a long space between #69 and #70, a Jim Michalak Skat. One of my best friends is my wife's doctor. He told me a while back that I needed a project. He was right, so I took his professional advice and started another boat. I am having a great time.

The Skat is a tack and tape boat. This is something of a learning experience for me as I am a stitch and glue guy. You know the difference, don't you? I know a lot of folks use the two terms interchangeably. They are not the same. I know I'm going to get some flack about this, but the way I see it, a stitch and glue boat is laid up with no internal frames, at least no permanent ones. The shape of the panels will determine the shape of the finished hull. The panels are shaped in such a way that each panel bends its neighbor into the proper shape when they get wire tied to each other along the seams. This is a very easy type of construction, but the shape of the panels is very important. This construction is used a lot in kayaks designed by Chesapeake and Pygmy. I have designed and built several boats with this method and really like to build that way.

I had a telephone conversation once with Harold Payson and I learned from him that he didn't like this method because, as he said, it gets blood all over his pretty boats. Payson promotes a lot of Phil Bolger's designs that use the tack and tape method. Harold is right, it can get a bit bloody and one must be careful. All those little wire ties are out to get the builder.

The tack and tape system starts out with some forms, a transom and a stem piece. The sides are cut to shape and nailed to the frames. Then the bottom or bilge panels are nailed in place. If the panels rub each other, I take a hand saw and open up the joints. This step is sometimes necessary to get fair curves. This is a very quick way to put a boat together. The outside joints are taped over with a layer or more of fiberglass tape, usually doing the outside first. Then the hull gets rolled over and any interior work gets done.

I am building my Skat with some wire ties as I wanted to do all the interior taping



The hull minus the deck. I am adding an in-wale on sections between all the forms.



By Mississippi Bob

first. I developed a system on my last boat that really worked out well. I will describe it to you. I am a real believer that a taped joint is much stronger if it is rounded out over a fillet. I have found that in the past I had trouble getting the wire ties out after building these joints. I am a firm believer that the wires should come out.

My last boat was a stitch and glue stretched variation of a Bolger Car Topper. I learned that I could keep the wires about 8" apart then put 6" tabs of tape in between the wires and epoxy them on. When these cured I could safely pull the wires out and the boat stayed in shape. I could then do a nice rounded fillet of thickened epoxy and tape over the whole seam in one operation. When that cured I could roll the boat over and fair up the outside joints with a power sander and one of my fairing tools before glassing the outside. That really worked slick so I am using a similar system on the Skat.

There are a lot of short pieces of tape holding the Skat together. When taping I have found a way to eliminate all those loose strands of glass that amateur builders always seem to be plagued with. First I cut all the pieces to be done in one session before mixing any resin. Should I repeat that? These pieces should all be cut to size and laid where they will go before any resin gets mixed.

I learned a while back that all those frizzes come out where the edges of a piece are parallel with the grain of the fabric. They don't come out of a cross grained areas. The tape has a factory edge that is woven in such a way that it won't unravel. It makes a thicker edge but the strands stay in place so we only have a problem on the cut ends. When I cut tape I have learned to cut it round or at least cut the corners off each piece, then pull out several fibers where they pull out easily near the ends. By taking this step before trying to wet them out I am much less likely to get all the loose fibers mixed with the otherwise nice work.

When all the pieces are cut and laid in place it is time to mix resin. I lift a piece of tape and brush some resin on the surface, then lay the tape back down where it is to stay. Now I apply more resin to the outside of the tape and brush it in until the tape turns translucent. When this happens there is enough resin on the tape and any more only adds weight and costs extra money. More is not better.

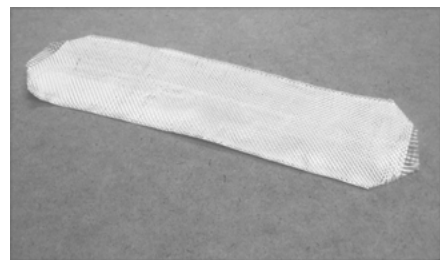
After the entire area is taped in place I wait for the cure. When the epoxy is cured the wires can be removed with very little

effort. The hull is still fragile at this point so I try to not strain anything. I next cut longer pieces of tape that will reach the full length of each section. I trim the ends as I did earlier on all the short pieces.

Now it is time to mix more resin, a somewhat larger batch this time as I am going to thicken it to make a putty out of it. I make a stick about 6" long out of 1/4"x1" material and round the end to about 1/2" radius. A tongue depressor will work but I like something a little thicker. This is the tool that I use to build fillets. I lay the fillet material on the joint and smooth it out with this tool. I use all of the thickened resin right away as it tends to harden faster than the unthickened stuff. I mix more batches if needed to finish all the filleting planned on this go-round. I then mix a batch of unthickened resin and start laying the tape on top of the wet fillet and wet it out. I don't press too hard with this operation as the fillet can get deformed. Again I want just enough resin in the tape to turn it translucent.

This is a good time to put a squeegee to use. I carefully press down the edges of the tape pulling off any extra resin and smoothing out the edges of the tape. This extra resin will work into the grain of the surrounding wood and I have a start on the encapsulating.

I am at a point as I write this that my next step will be sanding slightly all the seams that will show in the cockpit area before laying on a layer of resin over the entire interior to encapsulate the interior of the hull. I will soon begin cutting the deck panels to their final shapes before installing them. I will be back to let you in on that and on building of the spars. So far I am very happy with the way this boat is turning out.



A section of the tape trimmed and ready to be installed.

All the pieces of tape are in place ready for the resin





# Rockport Apprenticeshop Report

(Rockport, ME)

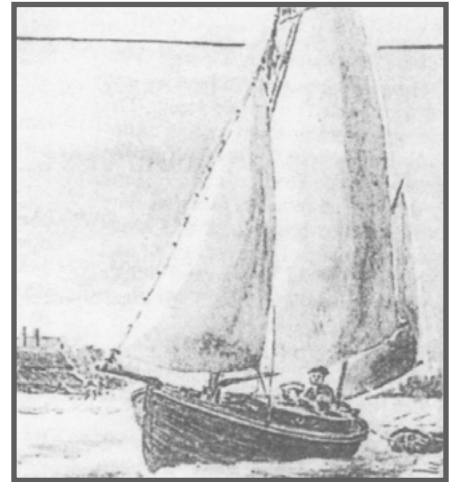
Winter has lingered on here at the Shop. Still, we seem to have found creative ways to stave off cabin fever. In early March, the apprentices held the first annual Captain's Cup Regatta. It's an indoor sailboat race they created, based on an old board game using boat models they built in their spare time. First prize, an old mug in the shape of a ship captain and a gift certificate to Liberty Tool Works, went to first-year apprentice, Jared Hoffman, and his boat, Barn Cat. Besides being fun, the game teaches points of sail, basic sailing rules, and develops an understanding of how the wind and its fluctuations affect keeping on course. All in all, it was a fun afternoon, and good way to get everyone thinking about the warmer days ahead.

Skyler Shepard working on the Apprentice 15.

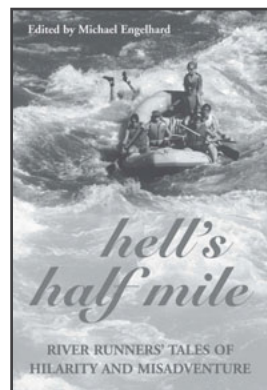
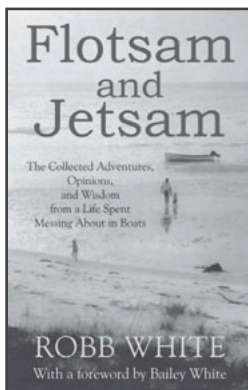
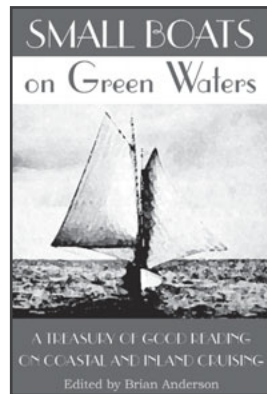
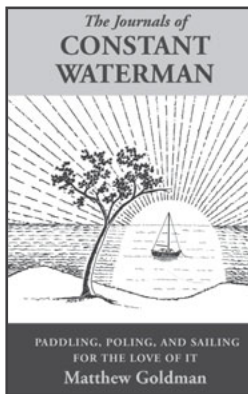


The Captain's Cup fleet.

Captain's Cup winner Jared Hoffman.



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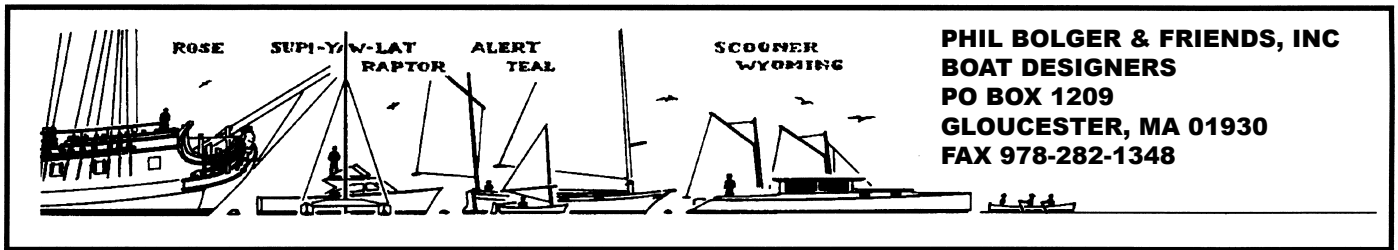
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## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Another Look at Trailer-Schooner “William D. Jochems”

Design #639 – Part 2 – Getting to Know Her



Beached.

Moored.



Few words seem necessary with images such as these. Last issue we saw *Indian Summer* built by Pemaquid Marine in Maine and some line art and specifications brought every reader up to speed on this design from the mid-'90s.

Here we see the family getting to know her last fall. Endless plans to first explore the waters around Toronto, then venture farther afield by water and road, to provinces and states, all sorts of waters, and the occasional truck stop and campground where she'll work just as well. With the family crew in teenage years, *Indian Summer* may come to do extensive duty across all seasons, north and south of the border.

Plans for design #639, William D. Jochems, are available for US \$300 to build one boat, sent rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

Captain powering.





Hiking out.



Downtown sailing.

Chief in the cockpit.



Diane in the cockpit.

Family on the dock.







So it's May in southeast Alaska. Snow's gone and it only gets frosty on odd and early mornings. That week in February we spent building Trilobyte is but a chilly memory. Since then we've spent days working on the rig. The rig! Polynesian crab claw rig has always been tantalizing. Marchaz found up to a 40% efficiency gain over jib headed sails. The problem has been difficulty in tacking. Traditional craft set the sail on the downwind side of the mast, and it either stays there while the boat switches ends, or the burly crew of warriors tacks it every several hundred sea miles. I'm oversimplifying, but the gist is that it hasn't been practical for small monohulls.

But then some genius came up with the idea of setting a yard between the limbs and centered atop a short mast. A universal joint at the masthead lets the sail roll over the centerline when tacking. It rolls over the yard to raise and recline the sail. It sheets around the mast as we're used to. That's three, count 'em, three axes of control! What's more, the rig is automatic in the Hassler sense (complete control via running control lines... you

## Trilobyte 16

### Sailing and Cruising the Prototype

By Dave Zeiger  
[www.triloboats.com](http://www.triloboats.com)

don't have to 'hand' the sail). Such rigs beautifully extend Phil Bolger's Birdwatcher concept (the basis for Trilobyte's design).

Our prime objective for Trilobyte is to simplify to the point of a three to seven day build time "in the field"... build, rig, and sail next day (this assumes that some elements, such as the sail, are prefabricated). The rig, then, has got to be likewise simple, and preferably low tech. Theoretically, there are five control lines for modified crab claw rig; two sheets, two yard downhauls, and a tack downhaul. After a due period of trial and error, drilling and plugging, we achieved control from three lines; two sheet/yard downhaul combos and the tack downhaul.

Additionally, we've not sailed before with chine runners (horizontal winglets extending out from the mid ship chine which increase the efficiency of the hull's lateral plane). Matt Layden has used them in his cool little cruising sharpies up and down the Atlantic Coast. It's seemed to me that sharpie rocker would induce drag in the runners, so I was excited to adapt them to Trilobyte's barge hull with its flat run amidships.

Shakedown time! A couple of trips around the harbor and a nearly windless overnigher to a nearby island got the learning curve started. Time to load for cruising and take off. The first trip is a week with no motor and little wind. We get our first long haul with both of us rowing on our way to Sandy Cove. Checking the GPS, we make 4.5 knots in sprints, 4 knots with moderate but maintainable effort, and 3.5 knots rowing at an easy, all day clip. The locks are far enough apart that the oars don't interfere, so there's no need to coordinate. That is, until time to ship them. We get our first taste of something similar to the "sword dance" as we haul them in and stow the 7' oars (don't worry... we get it down).

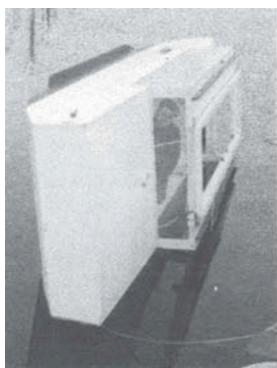
As we watched the moon rise over the encircling mountains, it suddenly struck us that this was not only where we spent our first night together, but it was 15 years ago tonight... we'd been so busy we'd forgotten our anniversary!

This might be a good time to mention the accommodations. Trilobyte 16 has a roughly 8'x4' cabin with 3'4" headroom under the decks and large, open bays at either end, about the same floor area as a pup tent with generous vestibules, but much greater volume. The windows open out the walls for a spacious feeling and the sole is cushioned and carpeted for ease on the knees.

Next day we got our first real sailing trials in 15 knots of wind. After our usual key-stone kops routines, the sail handled well. Tacking was nigh on impossible, a disappointment. Turns out that the combination of high windage, light weight, and small upright

#### Launching Day.





Note chine runners amidships.



High 'n Dry



Anke self righting Trilobyte.

lateral plane was too much. Chine runners, held high by the barge hull, barely get a grip when the hull goes upright while facing into the wind. They're effective when heeling on one tack, but an off centerboard has been added for tacking and to maintain lateral resistance while row/sailing upright.

After a week of dinking around, we picked up Kate and a motor for a four-day run to Goddard Hot Springs. While only 14 miles from town (as Raven flies), half the route opens on the Gulf of Alaska. The motor was a used Mariner 5 horse... too big, really, but available. With it mounted on a transom bracket, we made 4 knots at a bit less than half throttle, getting 0.33g/hr over the week-end. In steep 4' swells, we got our share of cavitation as we "kicked up heels" over the crest, but made reasonable progress and were soon out of it.

Three adults (and Scups, the dog) are cozy, but if we all like each other it's a lot of fun. I was surprised to find that we could still row double (the "sword dance" took even more agility). Sleeping can be two side by side and the third with head opposite and legs up the middle. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone who can't be touched at night. We soaked at the Springs (Kate especially likes the natural pool up above the redwood tubs), ate like kings, and explored our way back to town.

A highlight for me was threading the back way through Frosty Reef. The Reef has a couple of ways through violent breakers, but we'd never dared to try this back way in. With a light following wind, we sailed through the fiercely rocky gap, about as wide as we are long. It opens abruptly into the sheltered waters behind the reef and at the mouth of a little cove. That knowledge came in handy one black and windy night in *Luna*, but that's another story.

We delivered Kate in town, dropped the motor, and headed back out for three weeks, once again Hot Springs bound. As I mentioned, the linear distance is short, but Sitka Sound is a great cruising ground. We've cruised the south side extensively for a year now, and haven't poked into the half of it! It's rocky with sandy pockets, intricate micro-Beating.



View looking forward, no heater, yet.



View looking aft.,

archipelagos, waterfalls and forests teeming with wildlife (hulkin' big bears!). Cod are easy to jig up any time of year. Dangers, too, if we want the challenge, backwaters if we want to drift and dream.

Winds range from flat calm (more often than not in the summer months) to right nasty gales. Most days offer a few hours of light breezes and often we'll get an afternoon westerly in clear weather. The chine runners give us a good grip, though in light winds we have to induce heel with crew weight. We made it a rule to close the leeward oarport covers and would often leave both oars angled up and out the open windward ones.

Handling our crab claw rig took some getting used to, but is very simple. Hauling the tack downhaul raises the sail to more vertical attitudes, slacking allows it to recline. The leeward sheet is the active one, hauling

Reaching.



its limb down and in. Then the windward sheet is hardened as a stay on the upper limb. There's no reefing, per se... just roll the sail toward horizontal, directing force upward and converting heeling moment to vertical lift. The limbs spring inwards to absorb the shock of gusts.

To center the sail, we pull the upper limb down until the sail is level. The sail is usually pointing off one way or the other, so one yard end will be ahead of the other. We pull the lead sheet against tension on the other to square the yard (and sail). We make fast and, if stowing, shockcord the sail at mid-head to create the delta wing shape. This acts as a riding sail, bimini, and rain catcher. It can be left standing to about 20 to 25 knots before it becomes too obnoxious.

Once again, the Hot Springs were wonderful. On the way home one of those gales was forecast, so we ducked into Mielkoi Cove. Wow! Sail in through one of five or six narrow passages into a microcosm of the whole sound. Miniature mountain ranges, islands, basins, harbors, and rivers come and go with the tides. We were snug as bugs in there and well entertained until things blew over.

Heading back into the sound we met 10' swells left over from the winds and crashing over the many rocks on that stretch. When our eyes are only a couple of feet above sea level, that's pretty impressive stuff! The sea otters and seals seem to think we're pretty odd intruders, too. The oars easily overcame swell and surge (though we had to time our strokes to the water).

Our shakedown ended with about a 20 knot reach/run off the rocks of Japonski Island before turning in to the sheltered channel and home to *Luna*. So... we had a great month of exceptionally easy and comfortable camper cruising in Trilobyte's prototype. What we learned has been integrated into the design. We look forward to further adventures on the outer coast. We'll be building again here and there around the world. Keep you posted!

(For more on David and Ankes' boats, go to: <http://akzeigers.com/DaveAnke.html>)

Running.





Many years ago, my wife and I helped build a cardboard boat for a "cardboard boat race." The requirement was that the entire boat be built out of corrugated cardboard. Glue and tape were used to hold the pieces together and then we painted it to keep the water out for the duration of the racing. The hull and decking were created by laying down sheets of cardboard crosswise to each other and gluing them together to make a rigid sheet of material. Concrete blocks on lumber were used to press the cardboard sheets together. It worked out quite nicely and not only did the boat float, the crew with the paddles (wooden paddles and oars were permitted) won the races.

The boat was a combination of a punt and a skiff with the basic design coming from Chappelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* (pp. 33 and 99). The punt gave me the general shape of the boat and the skiff had the dimensions needed for the project. Our first step was to use the information in the book to create a set of construction plans. To do this, I got a long roll of butcher paper (from a butcher, no less) and we transferred the information to the paper. This technique is called lofting.

Lofting converts a table of offsets and lines to plans that can be used to build a boat. The architect provides the builder with station points (i.e., frame locations) and dimensions from the centerline to the outside (or inside) of the hull. If the dimensions are to the outside of the hull and we are not going to use the same thickness of wood, adjustments must be made. In many cases, the architect not only supplies the lines of the boat, but in some cases, additional measurements.

To loft the table of offsets and lines using the paper approach, we needed an open area longer than the boat by a couple of feet and wider than half the beam of the

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew  
(Tallahassee, Florida)

boat by a couple of feet. This was because we were going to roll out long sheets of butcher paper (or something of a similar nature) and draw the boat station by station and frame by frame full-size. To do this, we also needed some long pieces of thin wood strips about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " on each side (or really stiff, long battens), a 10' (or so) aluminum angle, a number of drafting weights of some sort, a big carpenter's square, some pencils (#2 lead is good) of more than one color, and erasers (we will make mistakes).

We started by rolling out paper about 3' longer than the LOA of the vessel and at least 2' wider than one-half the maximum beam. Then, after measuring in about 6" from one long side we used a carpenter's "chalk line" to create the base line for the drawing. Since a chalk line will wear away, we needed to use one of the long pieces of wood (or the aluminum angle) to trace the line with a pencil (we could also have used the carpenter's square to put down a series of tick marks and draw the line directly (if we did not have a chalk line available)).

What we were doing was creating a full-size line drawing of various aspects of the plan. The line drawings provided by the architect were our guide to what the results should look like. Once the base line was drawn we were ready to put in the frame/station lines using the carpenter's square. We measured from the starting point (bow or stern) to find where each

frame/station adjoined the base line. In most cases, the architect's station/frame line is the centerline of that station/frame. We may have wanted to check the drawings to make sure this was the case.

Then we made a right angle line at the base line to mark this station/frame location. This right angle line from the base line went out the distance indicated in the half-breadth in the offset table (being sure we noted whether the architect used decimal fractions or inch fractions). A small right angle cross line was drawn on the line we created, perpendicular to the base line at the half-breadth measurement point.

After we had noted the position of all the frames positions and their half-breadth, we could then go back (use a different color pencil) and using the same procedure locate the heights for the bottom and sheer of the vessel. Using the weights, we then bent one of the long sticks or battens to show the lines of the vessel (some weights on the inside, some on the outside to form the curve). Once that was done, we had a full-size rendering of the frame (or mold positions) and could take the bevel angles necessary from the drawing.

We might have found, once we had completed all of the above, that the lines developed did not match the line drawings of the vessel. It could have been a mistake in measuring, or it could have been an error in the line drawing. The table of offsets is usually the authority, although a number could have been transposed or an error made in type setting. What "looked right" was probably right. But we went back over our measurements before proceeding.

Confused? One good source of information on this technique is a book called *Lofting* by Allan H. Vaites (International Marine Publishing Co, 1990, spiral bound).

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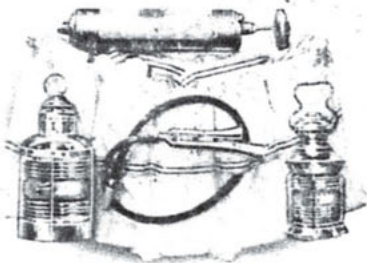
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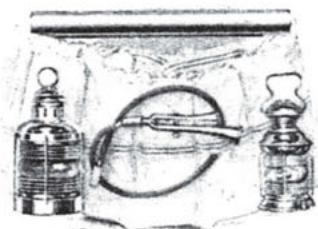
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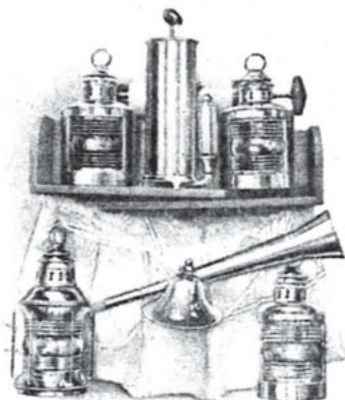


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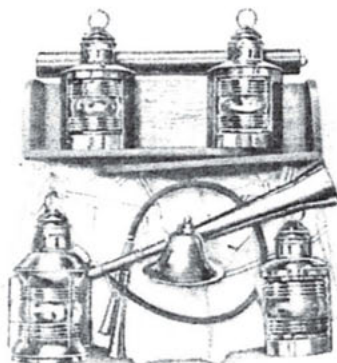
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The A.D. Story Shipyard in Essex, Massachusetts, was best known for designing and building large-timbered, plank-on-frame, two-masted fishing schooners for the Gloucester fishing fleet over 100 years ago. More than 4,000 wooden fishing vessels were launched from here and the other shipyards that lined the Essex River Basin. But today, over in the corner of the shipyard, now the site of our Essex Shipbuilding Museum, in the shadow of our 90' transitional 1927 fishing dragger *Evelina M. Goulart* sit two lovely Alberg designed 19' Corinthians. These wonderful sailing sloops have a fascinating history.

During the 1930s and 1940s Carl Alberg established a solid reputation designing many mid to large size wooden yachts for wealthy clients at Alden and later with his own company. Carl made the transition from traditional wooden sailing yachts to an emerging new material, Fiberglas®, in 1958. From the late 1950s to his death in 1986, Carl Alberg helped to create a whole new market for the middle income sailor, many new to sailing or upgrading from smaller boats, day sailors, or racers.

Everett Pearson, co-founder of Pearson Yachts, remembers Carl Alberg: "Tom Potter, who had been working at the American Boat Company in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, the builders of the 23' Alberg-designed Sea Sprite, came to us and asked if we would be interested in building a 28' Alberg-designed cruising sailboat. This was in the spring of 1958, and we introduced this boat as the Triton at the New York Boat Show in January 1959. Tom Potter convinced us that Carl Alberg was a competent designer with a great deal of experience gained from working with John Alden. Alberg's conservative cruising boats were designed so that conservative cruising sailors would accept them."

Carl Alberg designed many successful Fiberglas® production cruising sailboats.

There they are, tucked away down back in the yard beyond the looming *Evelina M. Goulart* at left.



## Corinthian Sloops At the Essex Shipbuilding Museum?

By Barry O'Brien  
Essex, Massachusetts

Work with the Pearsons was seminal in Alberg's career since the popularity of his small fiberglass cruiser, the Triton, brought him back into the limelight of yachting. "Carl's most significant characteristic was a sense of stubbornness in defending his designs and opinions," remembers Everett Pearson. Alberg was "very easygoing, kind of quiet, but with strong ideas." Cousin Clint Pearson, Everett's partner and founder of Bristol Yachts, remembered, "You never corrected any of Carl's ideas... he was a good guy to work with." Clint believed that Alden designs "provided an ease of handling boats and rigs. They won't get you in trouble. His boats provided good speed and stability."

Carl created a legacy for these new sailors; well found, safely designed, quick sloops that could provide a safe and exciting family sail without the threat of easy capsizes, a boat that would attract admiring looks wherever she went, a boat that any discerning owner would be most proud to own.

Carl Alberg designed the diminutive 19' Bristol Corinthian. Alberg captured big boat appearance and handling qualities in his Corinthian class. About 712 were built by Bristol Yachts between 1960 and 1980. Corinthians are stable keelboats, attractive to the eye, with graceful sheers lines and fast performance. Characterized by spoon bows, pleasing sheers, and moderate overhangs, these Alberg-designed boats convey

a traditional look.

Bristol Yacht's marketing brochure for Corinthian claimed, "The Corinthian makes a fine family boat, ideal for day sailing or overnighting... with class racing potential thrown in. The Corinthian offers many peace of mind conveniences: positive flotation; large, deep, dry cockpit; sliding hatch and cabin doors to provide stand up cabin space and lock up storage for sails and gear; good headroom in cabin to provide playhouse accommodations for children aboard; tabernacle mast step to simplify rigging; plus ability to be trailered."

In 1986, after a long and fruitful life, Carl Alberg passed away in his adopted home of Marblehead, Massachusetts. Carl Alberg may be no longer with us, but his well-designed sloops continue to sail on!

Our two Corinthian sloops were generously donated last year to our Essex Shipbuilding Museum to be sold to help support the further development of educational and historical programs at the Museum. Both of these sloops were built in the 1970s. One of them needs a new rudder, and is offered for sale for \$500. The other is offered for \$800. Both have rigging and sails. There is a custom designed trailer made to haul a Corinthian offered for \$550. If you purchase one of these Corinthians, there is relatively new 8hp Evinrude long-shaft outboard available for \$800.

For more information on the Corinthians, please contact Barry O'Brien at 617-967-1227 or at [bobrien@northshorecommunications.com](mailto:bobrien@northshorecommunications.com)

My thanks to Douglas Axtell of the Bristol Owners Association website for his facts on the history of Carl Alberg and his Corinthian sloop. For more information on Bristol Yachts, go to: <http://www.bristolowners.org/>. For more information on the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, go to: <http://www.essexshipbuildingmuseum.org>.

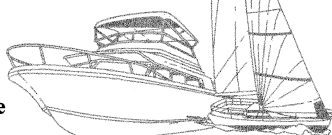
Closeup view gives a better idea of what these little sloops look like.



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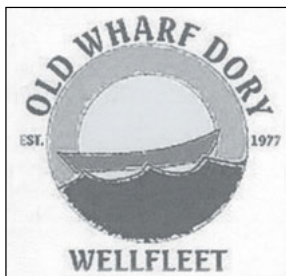
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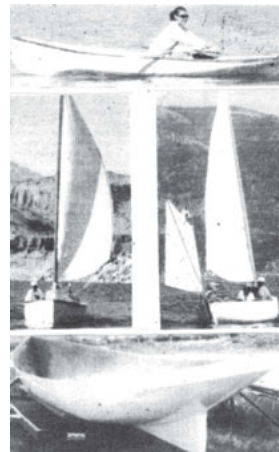
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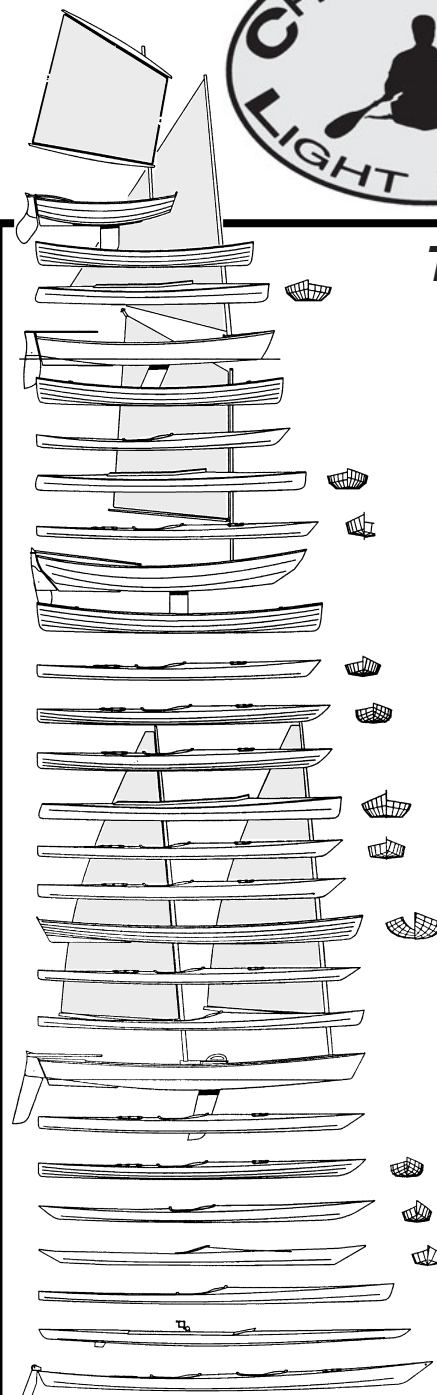
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## From Dynamite Payson's Family

Thanks to all for your heartfelt condolences. It has been a very difficult process for the family losing Dad so unexpectedly. There were several urgent decisions that the family has had to deal with. Dad's mail order business and boat business was one of them. It was a very rewarding business for our father and he always did his best to accommodate customer's orders and questions.

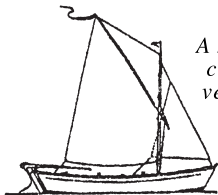
Several years ago, he told me that he would like me to take over his business and for the last two years I have been helping him with the email end of it. I am a high school and college instructor as well as a lobsterman and I thoroughly enjoy what I am doing and wouldn't want to give up any of those occupations. One thing I learned from my dad was to do what you are passionate about and the other things in life will be easy.

My family met Sunday March 28 and we discussed Dad's business. I told them of the best case and the worst case scenarios for the business. The worst being that the business would be done. I told them the best case would be to have long time and very close family friend Dennis Hansen (mom and dad referred to him as being like their son) continue the business. Dennis has known the family since at least 1974 and built his first Instant Boat, a Surf, that year. Dad taught him just about everything he knows about boatbuilding, he has read all of Dad's books and has built a number of his boats, first as a hobby and then professionally since 1998. He is very knowledgeable in all aspects of the business. The family agreed without hesitation that he was the right choice.

I called him to the family meeting and he has agreed to carry on with the business. I will still be available to assist. He will be a tremendous asset to the business and will continue it with the passion that my father had, and Dad would be proud of this decision. On behalf of the Payson family, many thanks and happy building.

Neal P. Payson, S. Thomaston, ME

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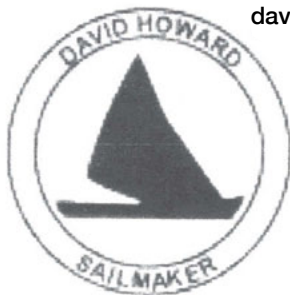
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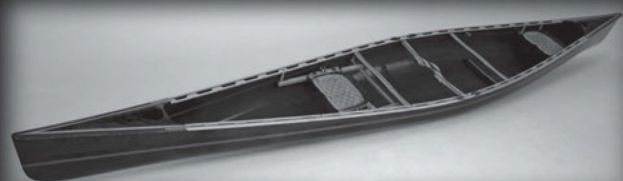
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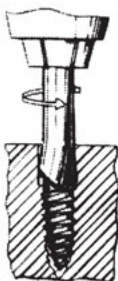
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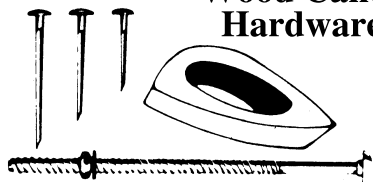
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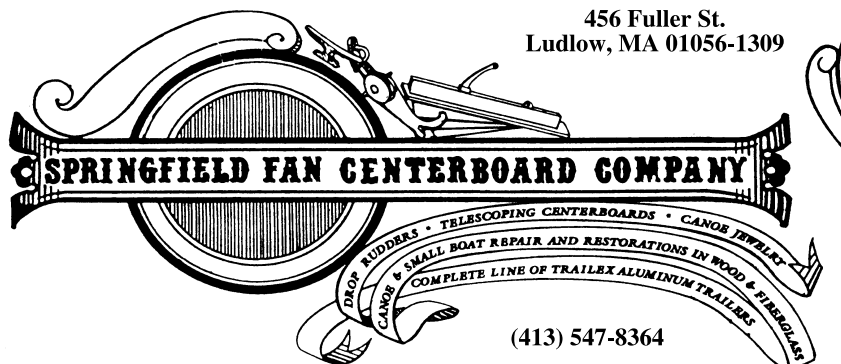
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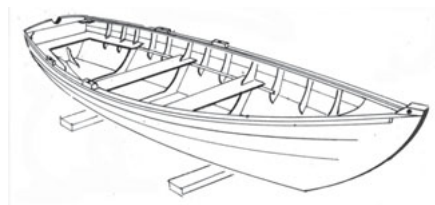


**Drascombe Lugger**, 18'9", '87 fg yawl-rigged open boat built in England, vy gd cond w/trlr, 5hp Honda 4-stroke long shaft ob, oars, 2 sets sails (1 brand new) & other extras. Drascombe boats have a history of several ocean voyages. Located in northern CA. \$6,500. PETER SCHWIERZKE, Somerset, CA, (530) 626-8647, peter@klepperwest.com (5)

**'10 Wenonah Adirondack Tandem Touring Canoe**, new, never used. \$1,299 obro. **Perception Aquaterra Chinook Sea Kayak**, w/rudder, float bags, skirt. \$650 obro. Early Bird Special! Each will incl '11 membership in the Maine Island Trail Association. MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (5)



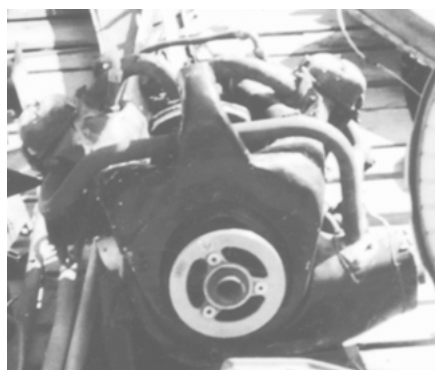
**Classic 15' Runabout**, w/25hp Honda. MFG fg hull, a direct copy of a 15' Lyman, completely rebuilt to look like a classic wooden runabout. Lyman performance & appearance w/durability & low maintenance of fg. bo. HARRY MOTE, (609) 660-0100 (5)



**14' Chamberlain Dory Skiff**, John Gardner Design, fg over plywood. \$1,200. WILLAM H. ACHESON, JR., P.O. Box 751, Dennisport, MA 02639-0751, (508) 394-8358 (5)

**20' Modified Polynesian Outrigger Sailing Canoe**, ('07). Strip planked w/Douglas fir & 4' mahogany ply decks w/watertight compartments fore & aft & self-draining 8' cockpit. Finished clear with black trim. Newly built outriggers & aka, but no updated photo yet. Beautiful & potentially vy fast! Incl trlr. \$1,200. Located CO. Can deliver to you. JOHNNY WALKER, CO, (970) 879-4947, Rosebud@springsips.com. (6)

## GEAR FOR SALE



**'47 Johnson 5hp O/B**, was grandfather's, last run on Puget Sound in '60s, should be okay. Free to a good home. **WWII B-17 V-2 Starter Motor**, last run in '90s. Free to a good home for someone to put into a classy wooden boat hopefully in B-17 country around Puget Sound, more for display than for use. Neither to be resold for profit. FOB Helena, MT (6) jpg. WILLAM C. TRUMBULL, P.O. Box 162, Ft. Harrison, MT 59636. (6)

**Delta 14" Bandsaw**, w/6" riser, roll-around base, 1hp 220v motor. New in '86, used for canoe & boat building. I don't do that anymore. \$450 or trade for electric bass guitar & amp. JOHN FISKE, Beverly, MA, (978) 921-5220, johnfske@comcast.net (6)

**Pearl Steam Engine Company**, steam launch engines, compromise hull lines, marine boiler plans. PEARL ENGINE CO., Sutton, VT, (802) 467-3205, www.PearlEngine.com (6)



**Boat Trailer**, used for a drag/ski boat, axle far back, big custom fenders from hay hauling use, no brakes. Worth \$1,000 mebbe more for hauling hay here. B/O, FOB Helena, MT. WILLAM C. TRUMBULL, P.O. Box 162, Ft. Harrison, MT 59636. (6)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—  
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THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**MAIB Back Issues**, 15 years going back to 1996. Free to anyone interested for cost of shipping. REID DIGGS, JR. Machipongo, VA, (757) 678-7748. (6)

**Collection of MAIB**, dating from 12/'90 (the issue at bottom of 3' high stack) to present. I don't want to divide it. Make an offer before 10 days after reading this. You pay actual shipping (USPS, UPS). ALAN SWANSON, 1225 NW Shore Dr., Sugar Isl, Sault Sainte Marie, MI 497983, (906) 632-6803. (5)

**Free Fiberglass Repair Manual:** Don't let fiberglass damage discourage you from taking advantage of today's excellent buyers' market for high-value used boats. You can confidently repair cracks, scrapes, delamination, holes, gelcoat blisters, keel damage and loose hardware with WEST SYSTEM® Brand Epoxy. For a limited time, we're offering *Messing About in Boats* readers a FREE copy of our comprehensive 85-page *Fiberglass Boat Repair Manual*. To get yours just email FreeManualMAIB@westsystem.com (TF)

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# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

## At Work in the Marine Trade





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## AND NOW....

### FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

We don't know this for sure....but it may be that Al Freihofer has rowed his guideboat further than anyone ever has. Oh, sure, there's Paul Neil, who has won so many races that we stopped keeping track. Then there's a retired submarine captain in Florida who rows his boat 10 miles every morning .... he rows so hard that he's worn out parts that can't be worn out. Al's rowing is .... different. One summer he rowed from Troy to Baltimore (not the most obvious row, as Google Maps may tell you.) Then he rowed the length of the Erie Canal....(being locked through as the S.S. Al.) This year he's planning on rowing from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, to Ottawa, then to Montreal and down Lake Champlain. Again, this isn't the most obvious row. (Particularly the part to Ottawa, Al, you sure about that?) Al does these rows for fun (how else could you possibly?) But also as fund-raising activities for the school. Penny a mile? Dime a mile? Buck a mile? Our friendship with Al began when he and Brian Rooney rolled into our parking lot. Unbeknownst to Brian, Al was cooking up a scheme in which 20 friends and family members would buy Brian one of our cedar guideboats for his 50th. And then, a couple of years later, the surprise was turned on Al....one of our Kevlar guideboats was sprung on *him* as a birthday surprise.

And now the surprise is....Al, we'd like to trade you a gorgeous pine and cherry guideboat for your beat-to-death Kevlar boat. Would somebody give Al a call or drop him an e-mail and tell him the news?

If you'd like to have a look at Al's new boat.....pop on over to [www.adirondack-guide-boat.com/al.html](http://www.adirondack-guide-boat.com/al.html)

Anyone want to buy a slightly used Kevlar guideboat? New \$4480...now \$3,000.



## Upcoming Shows

Apr 30-May1 Dinghy Shop Demo Day, Amityville, NY\*\*  
Apr 28-May1 Bay Bridge Boat Show, MD \*\*  
May 28-30 Woodstock Crafts Show, New Paltz, NY \*\*  
June 4-5 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY \*\*  
June 17-19 ACBS Show, St Michaels, MD \*\*  
June 24-26 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic, CT \*\*  
June 24-26 Lakeside Living Expo, Guilford, NH \*\*  
July 28-31 Harborfest, Oswego, NY \*\*  
Aug 5-7 Antique Boat Show, Clayton, NY \*\*  
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME \*\*

\*\* Indicates On-Water demos